

Try Us and C!

Woburn's Lowest Price

DRUG STORE

AGAIN!!

Peanut Taffy

Matchless

PILL BOX

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY

BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn Boston Office, 93 Water Street

Telephone 121-3 Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000.00

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over \$700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

IT'S OUR DUTY

To please the public. We take their money and "Justice" requires full value in exchange. We do this and go beyond it in our new stock of

JEWELRY

that we now invite you to see. Careful manipulation in buying, discounting our bills, and increase of sales, explains it all. Examine or price any article and it will convince you.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

EXAMINE OUR

Window Display of Confectionery.

We carry a full line of Apollo, Quality, and Lowney's assorted Chocolates in dainty sealed boxes, ranging in price from 25c. to \$2.00 per box.

Put up so attractively that they are a pleasure to look at and greater pleasure to eat.

We wish to call special attention to our 20c. full pound boxes of assorted Chocolates, made from pure sugar with PURE FRUIT FLAVOR FILLING.

Our Chocolates in bulk at 50c. per lb. are same quality as sold in Boston at Cut Price of 57 cts.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Public Telephone. Free Messenger Service.

We save you money on all Drugstore Goods.

THE BOMB

That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Malaria and Gripe are the out-comes of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a box.

EDWARD E. PARKER, GEO. C. GODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

PRICE OF FLOUR Reduced!

STOPACHE IS CURING Headache EVERY HOUR IN THE DAY

ON ALL GRADES

25c. AT

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main St.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-5.

WILLIAM FREDERICK DAVIS, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

608, 609 Essex Building, Boston, Mass.

EVENING OFFICE AT National Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

To Let.

Desirable Office to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

HEATING BY HOT WATER

Has this advantage over other methods of circulating artificial heat. It can be run ANYWHERE and it is NOT NECESSARY to put the heater down into a cellar to induce the water to circulate. With heater and radiators on the same level it will run satisfactorily if properly installed. HOT WATER HEATING has other advantages too. ECONOMY OF FUEL, EASE OF MANAGEMENT AND DURABILITY.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, October 4, 1905.

In conformity with the law of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as forer owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Woburn, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which the said estates might be redeemed by the owners, has therewith expired, and of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 47 of Chapter 18 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, dated April 18, 1902, and in accordance with the provisions of the City of Woburn, Chapter 18 of the City of Woburn, dated May 27, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE GEORGE B. BALOW.—About 2,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE E. B. ROGERS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE JACOB H. TRACY.—About 2,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE SAMUEL WOOD.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE WILLIAM H. ASHLEY.—About 2,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE CHARLES T. CORLISS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE WILLIAM DOWNE.—About 7,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE JOHN N. GARCIA.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE HENRY W. HENTLEY.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

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CITY OF WOBURN.

THE REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

Will be in session at their office

Municipal Building, Common St.

On the Evenings of Thursday, Oct. 12, Saturday, Oct. 14, Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Wednesday, Oct. 18, from 12 M. to 10 P. M.

For the PURPOSE OF REGISTERING all persons legally qualified to vote in State, Election and for correcting the List of Voters.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 6 o'clock on the evening of Oct. 18.

Women may register at any meeting.

All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHAS. H. HARRINGTON, FRED E. LOWELL, JOHN C. MERRILL, JOHN H. FINN, Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Oct. 3, 1905.

To Ladies

Our husband knows—your brother knows—your father knows—your son knows.

Now we want YOU to know us, too.

They know us because we make their clothing.

We want YOU to know us for the same reason—because we will make YOUR clothing; and we will suit you as well as we can.

Our department devoted to LADIES' TAILORING is a relatively new one with us.

Our supply of cloths is complete, our cutters are experts, and our workmanship is at the upper limit of excellence.

We invite YOU, madam, to come in and make acquaintance with the details in your own interest.

Macular Talker

Company for Women

400 Washington Street, Boston

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Barker. Subject: "The Divine Repentance."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—16th Sunday after Trinity. 12 M. Sunday School. 7 P. M. Evening Prayer and Sermon. Music by Vestal Choir. Preceded by the Parish House. Rev. Frederick W. Beckman, Rector.

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FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in First Church Savings Bank Building, Room 12, at 10.30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Wednesday evening. Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.

CHOICE CUTS FOR SUMMER

can't be had everywhere. The meat must be properly cured, well cooled, and cut by one who knows how.

OUR MARKET

does such a large business is why you can rely on choice cuts from us. We keep the best meats that market affords. A choice steak, chop or roast from us will make you like a lord. Prices reasonable. Try us.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone 126-4

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John Burke and wife, to the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387, and in pursuance of the provisions of said mortgage deed, the undersigned, the Mortgagee, do hereby give notice that on Monday, the 20th day of October, 1905, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon, for a breach of the conditions of said mortgage, all and singular the premises therein described, situated on Vernon street, (formerly Vernon Place), in the easterly part of said City of Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 32, Section 8, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 387, and containing about thirty-five feet by land of person unknown to the point of beginning.

And will be sold to the highest bidder in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be stated at said sale.

ALBERT F. CONVERSE, Trustee.

Assignee and present holder of said mortgage. Woburn, Mass., Sept. 27, 1905.

M. J. MULKEEN,

Notary Public

Justice of the Peace

—AND—

General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Red Star Line, Hamburg American Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.

Passenger Vouchers promptly and carefully executed.

OFFICE: 480 Main Street.

RESIDENCE: 106 Pleasant Street.

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To Ladies

Our husband knows—your brother knows—your father knows—your son knows.

Now we want YOU to know us, too.

They know us because we make their clothing.

We want YOU to know us for the same reason—because we will make YOUR clothing; and we will suit you as well as we can.

Our department devoted to LADIES' TAILORING is a relatively new one with us.

Our supply of cloths is complete, our cutters are experts, and our workmanship is at the upper limit of excellence.

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WOBURN

PEACH ICE CREAM

Our Peach Ice Cream is made from the best FRUIT every day as required.

CRAWFORD'S

412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 48-8.

OPENING

—OF—

LATEST STYLES OF FALL GOODS

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, Woburn

HAL'S Hair Renewer

Makes the hair grow long and heavy, and keeps it soft and glossy. Stops falling hair and cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair. Sold for fifty years.

City Council.

The Board held a meeting last Monday evening.

The petitioners of the Lowell & Woburn Street Railway Co. for extension of tracks and polls were granted, which ought to mean an early opening of the road.

The \$5,000 loan order for new house, repairs of apparatus, and much extermination was adopted—Capt. McCarthy's petition for improvements in the Armory was referred.

E. F. Hayward, William Redford, David S. Walsh, were drawn as jurors. Several claims for personal injuries were received.

Literary Notices.

Did you know that President Roosevelt is of royal descent—a sort of far-removed cousin of King Albert Edward of Great Britain? That both men have in their veins the blood of Bruce and Wallace and other Scottish kings? That the President's maternal uncles were Confederate soldiers and sailors, and that one of them was sailing master of the Confederate privateer Alabama when she was sunk by the U. S. S. Kearsarge? These facts and others scarcely less interesting are developed by Junia McKinley in an article published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October. Portraits of the father and mother of President Roosevelt, and of several of his distinguished southern forebears, are given with the article. In the same number Frank Putnam's Note and Comment is devoted to a pungent discussion of T. R. His Critics and Some Others. Yone Noguchi discusses the personality of Edward Clarence Steadman, the famous poet and critic, and Charles Warren Stoddard tells the romantic story of Ralph Keeler of Vagabondia.

John P. Heap's Future of the Negro in America is quiet in tone but sensational in its conclusions. The new game, as illustrated in text and picture, Michael A. Lane, the social scientist, discusses The Survival of Man. Stanley Waterloo, Christobelle van Assum Bunting, James Ball Naylor, F. F. D. Albany and Ernest McGaffey are the story tellers of the number. Nathan Haskell Doole's noble poem, The Founders, leads the poet offering. The magazine is liberally illustrated throughout. Affairs at Washington, Beauties of the American Stage and The Home—the NATIONAL's unique departments—are varied and readable. The frontispiece is a new, autographed portrait of Vice President Fairbanks, made expressly for the NATIONAL in his library at home.

Church Bells.

The Bell Made From the Metal of Old Cannon.

"No

That Frivolous Miss Bell

By JEANNETTE SCOTT BENTON

Professor Leigh, the principal of the high school, was in attendance at the school board meeting by request of the board. The principal subject under discussion was the hiring of an assistant Latin teacher for the high school. "Of course, professor, you understand," the chairman explained, "that the necessity for a new teacher rises as it does in the school year gives us very little choice. The board, however, has decided unanimously upon Miss Daisy Bell, room 7, of the Oak street school. What do you think of her?"

Professor Leigh frowned. "My actual knowledge of Miss Bell's attainments is limited, but she is a frivolous looking young woman. To me she seems a rather impossible Latin teacher. Her name, Daisy Bell, in the faculty would almost lower its tone."

He glanced around him, sought the covert amusement of his audience, but when young face set in stern disapproval. To Professor Leigh life was "real and earnest."

He withdrew under the frivolity and laxity of those latter days. The lightness and love of display which the majority of his feminine acquaintances annoyed him. Women were sadly degenerating, in his opinion, and he was only thirty years old.

"I know," he said stiffly, "my objection is unusual, but the girls of the high school run to too much frivolity themselves. Their teachers should be of another type, if there is any. They even have a way of wearing their hair in a sort of arch over their faces so that in profile you can barely see the tips of their noses. That Miss Bell wears hers very much the same way."

The board relaxed decidedly. Professor Leigh regarded them in stern perplexity. "I confess," the chairman remarked, "that we have not particularly considered Miss Bell's appearance. She graduated last year with unusual Latin recommendations. As for her ability as a teacher, the work in room 7 of the Oak street school is not bad, and she has succeeded there. Of course if she is not satisfactory, professor, other arrangements can be made for next year."

The professor arose. "My objections to Miss Bell," he said, "are of a theoretical nature. She is a girl of confidence and good fellowship that it was easy to understand his hold on the high school in spite of the girl's priggishness. And if you say 'try her' I shall do it with confidence in your judgment."

Which was not quite true, for every day his soul arose in disapproval against Miss Daisy Bell. "What could there be in a girl with such a pink and white face dotted around with a mop of yellow hair and such an impression of frills and fancy things all about her?" He trembled, too, for her influence in the school. The girls seemed so infatuated with her. How could she teach Latin? It was almost against natural law.

Miss Bell grew red and white under his scrutiny in the Latin class, for he came in frequently during the first month's recitations. At last he was obliged to admit that she could teach Latin fairly well, but he resented it. He hated inconsistency.

She gradually became the trial of his life, and he always tried to make her as inconspicuous as possible. During the annual visitation of teachers he skillfully steered them away from Miss Daisy's classes. She was a blot on the dignity and high standing of his beloved school. It would shake the confidence of any person to see a girl like that on the staff of teachers.

As for Miss Daisy, she tried her best to please the stern young man. She didn't have any trouble with her classes. The girls were obedient and the boys were good. She was a perfect teacher in her own way.

But she could not understand Professor Leigh. She curled her hair in its prettiest fashion and worked her hardest in school, but she could not melt his uncompromising disapproval. She trembled for her position the following year. It meant bread and butter and paying what she owed for her course at the university.

In view of this contingency her present bread and butter was of the cheapest, and she turned and pressed and darned her frivolties with a silent but better and paying what she owed for her course at the university.

The hall looked terribly big and dark, and she fairly flew up the stairs into the Latin recitation room. She lighted several matches and finally succeeded in finding the missing papers.

The shadows piled up in the corners, and she was sure she heard a noise somewhere in the building. She fled in a little panic from the room to the stairs. Halfway down she saw some one halting toward her from the gloom below. She gave a little shriek, then slipped and fell headlong. She heard a smothered exclamation; then some one caught her firmly. Faint with terror, she tried to regain her feet.

"There, little one, there. Don't be frightened, dear," a voice entreated. Professor Leigh's voice. She looked up at him in relief and the reaction she clung to him like a frightened child, half sobbing.

He held her closer, his face almost against hers. "Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

Then, after a minute, his clasp relaxed, and she slipped quickly away from him.

"I had no idea it was you," she said finally in a small voice.

"I tried to tell you," he answered softly.

Little thing! And all because he was afraid of himself. What a narrow minded bully he was anyway—and now?"

He could not answer that. He went out into the spring night slowly with bent head. He had forgotten utterly the errand that sent him to the school-house. He even forgot to lock the door.

A very erect, pink cheeked little assistant Latin teacher and a very self conscious professor came into the assembly room the next morning. Both the professor and Miss Daisy were in a rather bewildered state of mind.

Miss Daisy shed no more tears in secret over her endangered position. In fact, a little smile was more apt to come. Whenever the professor's eyes met hers there was a look in them that sent the red flaming into her cheeks. "Possibly he could call any one 'dear' when she fell unexpectedly into his arms, but she did not believe it."

So she dreamed those last few spring weeks, while the professor walked miles in the despondent. On the night of commencement they found themselves face to face in a dark little lobby behind the opera house stage.

The professor barred her way. "Miss Daisy," he said, "you are going to the country, are you not? May I come out to see you next week?"

"Yes," she answered softly, extending a small hand. "Goodby," she half whispered.

He took her hand. "Goodby," he said. "Goodby," he repeated. Then he suddenly stooped and kissed her.

"Forgive me," he cried in the depth of contrition, but still holding her fast. "I love you so. You must know it."

"If I do it's pretty nearly telepathy," she murmured.

When the chairman of the board of education asked Professor Leigh if he still had any objection to Miss Bell he actually blushed, because the frivolous woman had issued an ultimatum that she would teach until her debts were paid, and his objections from being theoretical had become entirely personal. Still, they were not of a nature to be considered by the board. The chairman remarked half heartily that she was a very good teacher and if she wanted the position she could hardly be refused it.

A moment later one of his friskiest juniors thrust her pompadoured little head in the door, then withdrew in confusion at the sight of the chairman, and he smiled quite a benevolent smile after her. The professor was beginning to take a different view of the world and things pertaining to it—things feminine in particular.

The earliest surnames were probably those bestowed by the Romans and Greeks, though it may be said that the Jews of a still earlier age had surnames to some extent. In most cases, however, the surnames of the Hebrews were tribal and not permanent, as are those of today. The very earliest surnames in the modern sense of that term date from the middle ages, when nobles were known by the name of their domains and common people by the name of their dwelling places. A great many surnames were bestowed on account of personal peculiarities.

Such as Long, Short, Stout, Stoop, Small, etc., others on account of trade, such as Saddler, Smith, Baker, Weaver, Fowler, Gardner, etc. A third class took names from the places where they resided. Examples in this class are John Hill and John Greenhill, the first John living on the hill and the second in the little valley under the hill.

There were few, if any, surnames in England prior to the time of the Norman conquest, and in Ireland they did not become common until 1465. The German Jews did not use surnames until about 1825.

Laura's Lover. Petrarch, the great Italian poet, who lived from 1304 to 1374, met Laura, the daughter of a noble family, on April 6, 1327, in the Church of St. Clara, in Avignon, and fell at once deeply and permanently in love with her. She was then nineteen years old and the wife of Hugues de Sade. For ten years Petrarch lived near her in the papal city and met her frequently in church and in society. It was then that he sang the praises of her charm and loveliness in those sonnets which are so eloquent of his devotion.

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Red Sea Pearls. Pearl fisheries, of which the world hears little, but which constitute a considerable industry, are carried on in the Lohia Islands, in the lower end of the Red sea. Very few of these pearls find their way to European or American markets, because the local demand almost absorbs the output. Pearls are the most popular of all gems among the inhabitants of India and Arabia and it is seldom that a native woman of any social position is seen without pearl ornaments of some kind, either finger rings, earrings or rings for the nose, and even the feet.

Went For a Soldier. At one of the London police courts a young hooligan was being tried for an assault on an elderly man. The magistrate, noting an old custom in the hooligan, thought he would give him a little fatherly advice, and remarked: "Young man, I'm surprised at a big, strong, healthy looking fellow like you always getting into trouble. Why, you seem to be always wanting to fight. Why don't you go for a soldier?"

Imagine the smile which illuminated the magistrate's face when the youth replied, "I did once, your honor, and he nearly killed me."

His Practical View. A certain sweet faced grandmother is sometimes startled by the up-to-date-ness of her grandsons. The other day she was telling the youngest of them, a boy five years old, the story of Lot. She showed him the pictures of the wicked cities of the plains enveloped in the fire from heaven. The little fellow gazed at the pictured conflagration and then asked: "Did the angels come over in the Mayflower—St. Nicholas?"

The Statue to the Pilgrims. On Plymouth Hill stands an imposing statue to the pilgrims. Its base is granite and supports a seated figure at each of the four corners with eyes searching the surrounding country, while a woman's figure crowns the top. On the pedestal is inscribed the name of every man, woman and child that came over in the Mayflower—St. Nicholas.

A Real Good Thing. Mrs. Newbury—I got some hams here last night which my husband liked very much. Have you any more of the same kind? The Grocer—Yes, got about a dozen left from the same ham. Mrs. Newbury—Oh, that's nice. Give me six of them—Cleveland Leader.

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DICKENS IN ROME.

The Great Author Was Disappointed in the Italian Capital.

When Charles Dickens arrived in Rome, on Jan. 30, 1845, he was profoundly disappointed. "It was no more my Rome, degraded and fallen asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins than Lincoln's Inn Fields is," a short time before, while he was straining his eyes across the Campagna, a distant view of the town had recalled London. This feeling soon passed away. He thought of the most delightful season for Italy. He was again in Rome in 1853; saw J. G. Lockhart, "fearfully weak and broken;" smoked and drank punch with David Roberts, who was painting the famous picture of Dickens now in the Scottish National gallery; the Pantheon he thought nobler than of yore, the other antiquities smaller.

It was in San Lorenzo square, Florence, that Robert Browning picked up the part manuscript and placed their murdered bodies were laid for the inspection of "half Rome." There was a weird funeral, attended by Capuchins, when we were in this church. While in Rome Dickens stayed at 28 Via del Tritone—Chambers' Journal.

COWS IN HOLLAND.

In No Other Place in the World Are There Given Such Care.

In Holland cows are to a certain extent a part of the family, for one member of the family always sleeps in the stable to watch, and often the place is made a sort of family sitting room.

The cow stable is generally a large building, paved with brick, upon which the cows lie, straw being scarce. There is a brick paved passage down the center, at one end of which is a fireplace, and the windows are covered with white curtains as daintily as those used in the house proper.

Sometimes the entire family will gather in the stable in the evenings, enjoying the warmth of the fire and exchanging the talk of the day, while the cattle, always placed with their heads facing the central passage, chew their cud and almost seem to enjoy the human companionship. These cows are seldom brown, most of them being black or white or of the two colors mixed, and because of the milk in the pasturage and the care taken in their keep they are capable of giving large yields of rich milk. In no place in the world are cows made as much of, and from the annual yield of butter it would seem that the care is not taken in vain.

FOOD VALUE OF BANANAS.

They Are Not Like Some Fruits, Good Only For Their Flavor.

Professors of dietetics tell us that the banana is not, as many fruits are, a flavor and nothing more, but a food and a source of real nutriment. It is at once useful and delicious. It is not only gratifies the palate, but supplies material for combustion and delicate tenacity of animal heat, while it also builds up the muscles and repairs the worn and threadbare nerves.

The flour made from it is of rich taste and is of nutritive value to rice, and sprinkled with sugar, a form in which it has been recently introduced in this country, the upstart banana is, weight for weight, as nutritious as the venerable fig.

But it is in the fresh state that the banana chiefly appeals to us. Its creamy succulence and delicate odor are inviting, and its pleasant sapor is a prelude to good digestion. Depend on it that sapor is in ethereal body, while the coal tar investigators have not yet been able to imitate by chemical essence, it is a subtle stimulus to subsequent elementary processes. And thus it is that the banana is an eminently digestible food. No sense of oppression or drowsiness follows a meal of it, and a meal of it may be bulky enough—Pall Mall Gazette.

Modern Entertaining. A London drawing room in the season resembles nothing so much as the parrot house at the zoo. For this deafening din society has only itself to blame, entertaining being based upon the principle that you must first hire somebody to make a noise and then invite your friends to shout the hired noise down. The louder the land the louder the shouts of the guests. The more the guests, the more the noise, and the more the noise, the more the guests. The louder the land the louder the shouts of the guests. The more the guests, the more the noise, and the more the noise, the more the guests.

Took It Like a Sport. "Is there a chance for me, Gladys?" "There is, George—one if you like." George was a young man of some experience.

"That's too long a shot," he explained, picking up his hat—Chicago Tribune.

Credit and Debit. "Yes," said Slopoy, "the suit fits me splendidly. Great piece of work; it's a York."

"Yes," replied the tailor, "and please don't forget that it's a debit to you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Etiquette Would Forbid. Old Salt—You told me that I went through when I was wrecked on the coast of Afrikay you wouldn't believe it. The Landlubber—But—er—I wouldn't say so.

Between Christianity in the preaching and Christianity in the practice there is often a ground glass door—Puck.

To Keep From Growing Old. A swindling firm once advertised that it would send for the sum of 2s. 6d. a recipe which, if followed to the letter, would keep folks from growing old. Some credulous persons answered the advertisement, remitting the required fee, and received the following reply: "We would advise all such idiots as you to commit suicide at the age of twenty-five."—London Tit-Bits.

Generous. "See here," said the client, "you've charged me so much for handling this suit that I'll have to put a mortgage on my farm. Can't you help me out a little?"

"I guess I can," replied the enterprising lawyer. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll draw up the mortgage at half rates."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FOURTH QUARTER, INTER. NATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 15.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. 1, 1-11—Memory Verses, 5, 6—Golden Text, Ps. cxviii, 5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stevens.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Bible Association.] The Kingdoms of this world had passed from the head of gold, Babylon, to the breast and arms of silver, the Medes and Persians (Dan. ii, 32, 37-39). The lion had given place to the bear (Dan. vii, 4, 5), which bear, although so described in reference to other nations, is spoken of as a ram, a harmless domestic animal, in reference to Israel because of the kindness of Cyrus and Darius to Daniel's people (Dan. vii, 20). The seventy years of Judah's captivity were ended, and the time had come for her restoration, according to Jer. xxix, 10. Not only had the restoration been foretold, but the very king who should accomplish it had been mentioned by name some 200 years before (Isa. xlv, 25; xlv, 1).

Josiah, one of the good kings of Judah, was mentioned by name about 300 years before he was born (2 Kings xiii, 17; 2 Kings xxv, 1-7). Besides the thirty-five others are named in Scripture before their birth. Let the scholars tell their names. Every thought and purpose of God will surely be fulfilled; His counsel will stand, and He will do all that He pleases (Isa. xlv, 10; Jer. xxxiii, 11). When His time has come He stirs the hearts of whom He pleases to accomplish His pleasure. He may have used Daniel, His servant at the court of Cyrus, to enlighten Cyrus concerning His purpose, but He alone could make Cyrus willing. Throughout the whole Bible it is most fascinating and inspiring and leads to heartfelt adoration of Jehovah to watch Him working, whether as Creator or Redeemer. Isaiah's Messianic, the Great Head of the church or the King of Kings and Lord of lords. Notice in the first two verses of our lesson such statements as "the word of the Lord," "the Lord stirred up me," "the Lord hath given me" and "He hath charged me," then see the hearty obedience of Cyrus to the word of the Lord.

The central topic of the book of Ezra is the rebuilding of the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, as will be seen more fully in our next lesson, and this house is mentioned at least fifty times in the book. We cannot think of Israel as a nation apart from the temple or tabernacle, for no sooner had God brought them out of Egypt than He bade them build Him a sanctuary. He might dwell among them (Ex. xxv, 8). While Israel is for the present blinded, the fullness of the gentiles is being gathered, and another house is being built, a house of living stones, and in the days of Cyrus, so now the word is, Let him go who is willing, and God will be with him, and whosoever remaineth let him help with gold and silver and goods those who go forth (Ezra ii, 6, 7; 2 Chron. xxxv, 9; 1 Pet. ii, 5).

To gather the material for this building, the church, the gospel must be preached everywhere, and as in the days of Cyrus, so now the word is, Let him go who is willing, and God will be with him, and whosoever remaineth let him help with gold and silver and goods those who go forth (Ezra ii, 6, 7; 2 Chron. xxxv, 9; 1 Pet. ii, 5).

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Opportunity's Bald Head

By MARGARET RICHARDS

Copyright, 1905, by K. A. Whithead

With a weary little sigh Margaret Hinton pushed aside the closely written pages. It was no use. The story would not go.

For six months now she had written stories—clever, harmless little things which her friends easily could have forgiven her, had she not insisted upon regarding them all as legitimate "material." She moved in a world of fiction; she revelled in situations; incidental plots ran riot in her brain.

But today as she pushed back her chair and walked with graceful, impatient movement to the open window, she found no solution to her problem. The story was at a standstill. Up to this point she had progressed amazingly enough. After a series of vicissitudes of the kind peculiar to young authors the hero had boarded an eastern bound express at San Francisco. The heroine, a victim of diverse and equally satisfying vicissitudes, had been taken this same express at Denver. What the result would be was obvious, but it was right here that the hero failed to rise to the occasion with his customary alacrity.

"It all seems so out of place, somehow, on a train," murmured the fair author, wrinkling her pretty forehead perplexedly. "He could not act in the usual way." She continued reminiscences, as various pictures of dreamland poured and pain sheltered corners flitted across her memory. "It is a situation that would have to work itself out." A sudden thought stained the white skin of her forehead. "Oh, no, I don't know his heart. She is a girl, while the soft breeze fanned her hot cheeks. "But it would only be in the interest of art," insinuated the tempter. "Artists must sacrifice themselves for their work." And John Sherwood's home was sealed.

Short, sharp puffs of escaping steam, a jolt, a faint vibration, and the New York train steamed slowly out of Ardley-on-Hudson.

Unaware that he was but a pawn in his fair lady's game, John Sherwood leaned forward in his seat and regarded her with wondering, delighted eyes. This sudden graciousness, this unexplainable nervousness, the flushed, half-averted face, bore but one interpretation in his eager lover's heart. She was inexpressibly dear to him, this slender, capricious maiden; how dear he had never before quite dared to say, but now—

They had found seats on the river. The setting sun shot a quivering crimson shaft across the water and crowned the opposite mountains with soft golden light. She made mental note of the yellow splendor. Of course there was no river in her story, but western mountains, rugged, bathed in sunset glory would be a fitting background for her hero's impassioned appeal.

John leaned toward her. "Margaret," he said impulsively, "did you ever hear why Opportunity is supposed to have a bald head?"

She turned her head with a resentful little gesture. He was beginning badly. No bald head, even that of Opportunity, had a place in her picture of youth and shifting golden lights and passionate appeal, then, remembering her role of heroine, she nodded with a forced little smile.

With a faint, grudging protest the train

The Cup of Water

By HONORE WILSIE

Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

Esterly thumped the pillow restlessly with his feverish hands, tossed his long legs about, and watched the splendor of the mountain view which stretched down for miles before him. Then he looked up. The girl stood in the doorway with a plate in her hand.

"Rose," he cried, "Rose, Rose!"

The girl set down the plate and knelt beside him. "Isn't it strange? Isn't it wonderful?" she asked.

"I knew you had come from the mountains," he said, "but—"

"You adopted me, you know, my own car to let me a little money, but I liked to live with them, just as they were. You must forgive them their ignorance. The mountains are a hundred years behind, you know, and I love these people."

Esterly lay back. "Then so do I," he said.

"Now you must eat," she said.

He stayed her with feeble hand. "You said you wouldn't marry me because I didn't need you—that I merely wanted you for an ornament to my money. Dear, can't you believe that, rich or poor, I need you?"

The girl looked at him. She had cared for him before, but always there had been something lacking, something that kept her from feeling quite sure, but now that something was gone, and a gesture that was protecting, maternal, tender, she put her arm across him, her cheek close to his. In silence they looked across the blue haze of the valley, where the swallows circled and dipped, then, she said:

"Yes, you need me," she said.

Americanisms Good Old English. Most so called Americanisms, and, indeed, Irishisms also, are in reality archaisms of the English language which have a habit of surviving where one would least expect to find them. Many persons will tell you that the phrase "to slide" is an Americanism, but students of English literature will call to mind the following stanza from Chaucer's "Clerks Tale":

I blame him not that he considered nought
In time coming what might him befall.
But on his lust present was all his thought.

And to haue and curse on every side,
Weleld he not that that was worst of all.
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.

Several other illustrations of so-called Americanisms which occur in Chaucer may be given—as, for example, "I guess," which is frequently to be met with.

A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With lecherous lust that were late in bed,
Of twenty years of age he was, I guess.

Many quaint words are commonly used in America, as "pitcher" for "jug," "fall" for "autumn," "homely" is invariably used to express the absence of beauty, as "a homely girl" for "a plain girl." An example of such usage may be found in Shakespeare:

Upon a homely object love can wink.
—Two Gentlemen of Verona, II, 4.

—London Notes and Queries.

Charlotte Corday. A memorable woman stands upon the scaffold, not in white, but in the red smock of a murderer. It is Charlotte Corday, born at Armentières, and she has killed Marat. If ever murder was justifiable it was this assassination. The sternest moralist cannot refrain from admiring this high souled, dauntless girl, for the murder that she committed is elevated far above an ordinary crime. She was impelled neither by lust of gain nor by jealousy nor by ordinary hate, and she only slew a monster in order to save unhappy France from wholesale slaughter. Shortly before his end Marat had decreed a demand for 2,500 victims at Lyons, for 2,000 at Marseilles, for 25,000 at Paris and for even 300,000 in Brittany and in Calvados.

No wonder that Danton, Camille Desmoulins and Robespierre felt in this extraordinary and most resolute young woman who had just had her god her conscience and who neither denied her act nor sought to escape its consequences. She was beheaded at 7.30 in the July summer evening. Calm eyed and composed, she went to death, but did not turn pale for a moment when first she caught sight of the guillotine. "I killed one man to save 100,000, a villain to save innocents, a savage, wild beast to give repose to my country." Never has murder done so noble an excuse, and she was only twenty-five—London Spectator.

Hugo as an Englishman. A woman who was called upon to write about a suburban village in the town club on Victor Hugo went to the Carnegie library erected there and collected her facts from a number of encyclopedias. When she had finished, having a quarter of eight of the clock, she put her pen to rest. She thought she would add something original and wrote: "Whatever we may think of Victor Hugo, we must agree on one thing—that he wrote good English."

Rank Carelessness. A New Yorker who, being rich, employs a man servant said to his valet one morning, "Hoskin!" "Sir," said the man, "You are getting careless, Hoskin." "Oh, sir, I hope not, sir. You don't brush my clothes regularly any more." "Oh, sir, I assure you—"

"There, Hoskin, that will do. I left a dollar in my white vest pocket yesterday morning and it is still there."

Competent statisticians declare that twenty-two acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on fresh meat. The same space of land, if devoted to wheat culture would feed 42 people; if rice, 176, and if to the plantain, or banana, over 6,000 people.

Human Nature. All boys think they will be richer than their fathers, and all girls think they can keep house better than their mothers. They continue to think this until they are fathers and mothers themselves.

The Mosquito Plant. In northern Nigeria there is a tree, called in scientific language *Ocimum viride*, which mosquitoes cannot tolerate. Two or three plants kept in every room and placed along the veranda are enough to shut out the pestiferous insects. A mosquito gently inclosed in a leaf of the plant will lose consciousness in a few seconds. The bruised leaf has a scent not unlike that of wild thyme and eucalyptus.

The natives of northern Nigeria prefer an infusion of its leaves to quinine in malarial fever for themselves and their children.

COSTLY COAL.

Some For Which the United States Paid \$50 a Ton.

"The civil war led to the establishment of a lot of little private coal stations all over the world by thrifty persons who hoped that Uncle Sam's ships might come that way about the time that they needed coal real bad."

"The Vanderbilt in 1862 had an experience of that sort. She was looking for the Alabama like a good many more of the Federal ships, and she came to St. Helena just about the time that she was out of coal. The officers were delighted to see a red headed Scotchman sitting on a coal pile on the dock, and at once opened up negotiations with him. He demanded \$30 a ton, and as the rate of exchange was then \$2.85 this made the price \$80 a ton of Uncle Sam's money."

"The officers protested and refused to take the coal. They put to sea, hoping to reach another port before their stock gave out, but after a run of a few hours the weather began to get nasty, and there was nothing for it but to put back and buy 1,000 tons of the Scotchman's coal."

"He said that he liked the United States and sympathized with the north in the war, but he had been sitting on that coal pile for a long time waiting for an American ship to come along, and sympathy didn't buy things."—New York Times.

AN ENGLISH HERO

Remarkable British Tribute to the Ability of Nelson.

The time has come when we can specially do honor to Nelson's memory without wounding the feelings of other nations. The thing that we must seek if we wish to buy or sell stocks, you can't do a thing in Wall street without that broker. You can't fill your own orders in Wall street any more than you can fill your own teeth. There is a very real foundation of what a dentist is to you as a man with a toothache.

Now, operations on the floor of the Stock Exchange are conducted by four groups—first, the speculators, who trade on their own account, and these of course are members of the exchange; second, by brokers who lend money for brokers; third, by commission houses which buy and sell bonds and stocks for members of the exchange; and fourth, by specialists who are also called floor brokers, and oftentimes "dollar brokers" or "two dollar brokers," and who execute orders for commission houses. In turn, the commission houses are divided into those that conduct one home office and many branch offices connected by private wire, and those that conduct a local and mail business.

To a broker in these classes your order is given. In executing your order and those of others the broker's earnings may be any sum from \$10—more usually \$100—to thousands a day.—Leslie's Weekly.

ODDITIES OF AUTHORS.

Literary Lights Who Were Conspicuous by Their Attire.

In telling of the various means of self advertisement adopted by certain authors a critic said that Alexander Dumas, the elder, delighted to appear in the uniform of the national guard of France, with medals pinned to his breast, though it is doubtful whether his motive was anything deeper than a vain desire to delight in gauds. "He was the sort of man," one of his enemies once remarked, "who was capable of riding behind his own carriage in order to prove that he kept a negro in his service."

A certain literary person once appeared in the stalls of a London theater wearing a jeweled brooch in his long hair, but he was anticipated in this respect by Theophile Gautier, whose many colored waistcoat was always the most conspicuous object in any theater which he entered, and even by Disraeli, with his rings outside his gloves and his green trousers.

It is said that M. Paul Bourget also wore green trousers when he was a denizen of the Latin quarter, but that he had to leave the days of poverty and early struggles, and perhaps he had no other choice.

When Ruskin Was Snobbish. Leveson-Gower, in his memoirs tells of an occasion on which Ruskin on one occasion gave a large supper, to which he invited some of the leading undergraduates of the day. He did not know his speech on this occasion did not make a favorable impression. He said he felt honored that so many young men who were superior to him socially should have condescended to his invitation. This disinclined us to keep up the acquaintance, although we were the losers thereby.

Chimney Stacks Left Standing. Some of the best looking houses in the country parts. For instance, in Hertfordshire when ancient houses are destroyed the chimney stacks are left intact, the popular theory being that the houses are still in existence while these remain standing. This may be a survival of some ancient but now almost forgotten legal right—London Chronicle.

The Other Way. "You're just spoiling the baby," remonstrated the young mother.

"That must be a mistake," responded the new grandfather. "Everybody else says the baby is spoiling me."—Chicago Tribune.

A Fatalist. The Jollier—Cheer up, old boy. Some day you'll get in on the ground floor. The Jollier—If I do, I'll tumble into the cellar.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

Railway was once Raknaw, the name of an Indian chief.

A Lesson Matrimonial. See the bride. Why does the bride look puzzled?

Because hubby forgot to kiss her before he went to business.

See the matron. Why does the matron look puzzled?

Because hubby didn't forget to kiss her before he went to business.

Why does this not a queer world?—New York Tribune.

The Other Side. Crawford—The doctors claim we die before our time from eating too much Crabapple. Still the people who never get enough to eat don't seem to live as long.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

Scrapbooks. Student—For this insult I challenge you to pistols! Commercial Traveler—All right, but first you will have to take out a shooting license, for my name is Hare.—London Punch.

DIPLOMACY.

A Polite Business Very Much Like the Practice of Law.

Diplomacy is a matter of business, though a polite business, hedged about by etiquette and forms and adorned with a few frills. Get behind the fringe and the lingo and you get to the heart of the thing and you will find it very much like the practice of law.

The man with the best case ought to win, and when he doesn't and the man with the poorer case does win it is because he is the better man and knows better how to present his case and how to handle it. There is another popular notion that the American diplomat establishment is weak because our representatives abroad contend with men trained all their lives in the diplomatic school. We have no permanent diplomatic establishment. Our ambassadors and ministers abroad are picked from law offices, editorial rooms and even counting rooms. Usually they have had no previous acquaintance with diplomatic work. Yet nine times out of ten they are more than a match for the men they have to deal with abroad. Breadth and strength of character, knowledge of human nature and experience gained in the rough and tumble of life count for quite as much as the other fellows' diletante culture. It is the latter, the latter, the best observers throughout the world that our successful American lawyers and editors easily hold their own against their competitors.—Walter Wellman in Success.

HOW BROKERS WORK. Four Different Kinds of Operators Who Execute Orders.

Let's see what a broker is exactly. He's a fellow who sits in a room and seeks if you wish to buy or sell stocks. You can't do a thing in Wall street without that broker. You can't fill your own orders in Wall street any more than you can fill your own teeth. There is a very real foundation of what a dentist is to you as a man with a toothache.

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To a broker in these classes your order is given. In executing your order and those of others the broker's earnings may be any sum from \$10—more usually \$100—to thousands a day.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE SPREAD OF BANKING.

The Bank of England was established in 1694, the Bank of Scotland a few years later, and these institutions grew up in the provinces increased, substantial men began to feel the inconvenience of being their own bankers and retaining all their wealth in their own hands. Gradually they began to open accounts with some of the London bankers, which they utilized for their business transactions. Doubtless such men were beset by many friends and customers to accommodate them through their banking accounts, and thus the well to do trader developed into the country banker with his London agent, who much preferred to do business and incur carriage and postage before he sent his money to London to have several small customers in the same place—London Standard.

THE PENSIONS OF EUROPE.

A traveler who has toured Europe with his wife at \$4 a day for the two declares that the pensions are the base of his cheap travel. In every country he has found a pension of \$1.20 a day each. The pensions have not the style and display of the hotels, but they have all the comfort and the servants' fees are fewer and smaller. Breakfast includes bread and butter, and the evening meal, luncheon and dinner are course meals, very much alike. Some one in the house always speaks English.

To Tell a Horse's Age. The age of a horse cannot always be told by looking at its teeth. After the eighth year the horse has no more new teeth, so that this method is useless for a horse which is more than eight years old. As soon as the set of teeth comes in, however, a wrinkle begins to appear on the edge of the lower eyelid, and another wrinkle is added each year, so that to get at the age of a horse more than eight years old you must count the teeth plus the wrinkles.

Noah Not First. George—Who was the first one that came from the ark when it landed? John—Noah. George—You are wrong. Don't the good book tell us that Noah came first? So there must have been three ahead of him.—New York Times.

The Single Misfortune. "Misfortunes never come singly, you know, Miss Priscilla."

"A single misfortune, shaking her head, 'the single misfortune is the worst of all.'—New Yorker.

Punishment to Fit the Crime. Judge—It seems to me I've seen you before. Prisoner—Tough luck, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons. Judge—Twenty years.—School Board Journal.

The Queer Party. "Mary," said a Kansas City (Kan.) man to his wife recently, "I had a queer dream last night. I dreamed you had a pair of wings St. Peter had just given you and I was trying to fit them on you. Wasn't I queer?"

"Your wings didn't fit you?" "Yes," she replied, "but that wasn't the queerest part of it." "What was?" "The fact that you were there," she replied.—Kansas City Times.

Emulgent Satisfaction. Medical Examiner—Suppose you show me a patient with some disease which you know nothing about. What would you do? Student—Change him \$5 for the examination and then send him to you.

Effect of a Full Stomach. Give a man a full stomach and he will find it easy enough to preach to others upon the duty of abstinence.—Boston Transcript.

He who first praises a book becomingly is next in merit to the author.—Lander.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 22.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. III, 10, 11, 12, 13. 5—Memory Verses, 10, 11—Golden Text, 1 Cor. III, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Bible Association.] We need to bear in mind that the central fact of this book is "the house of the Lord," mentioned fifty times, and it is most practical and applicable to us who in this age of our Lord's absence are engaged in building the church of the living God, the body of Christ (1 Tim. III, 15; Eph. I, 22, 23).

In chapter II, 50, 62, we see some people who could not show that they belonged to Israel. Their names were not found on the register, and consequently they were put away and could not take part in the work. Only those whose names are in the Book of Life can enter the city (Rev. XXI, 27), and they can take part in the building for they are in the flesh cannot please God (Rom. VII, 5). Those who, being born again, do take part are only expected to do as of the ability which God giveth (1 Cor. VIII, 1; 1 Pet. IV, 11). It is the gift of God (1 Cor. IX, 7; Ex. XXV, 2, XXXV, 5, 21, 22, 29).

The people gathered as one man to Jerusalem, and in the Acts of the Apostles, which records the beginning of the building of the church, we have the names of the members of the church, seen times for and four times against our lesson chapter we see the altar and the sacrifices offered unto the Lord, as the duty of every day record (II, 3, 4). There will never be a day while we continue in these mortal bodies when we will not need continually the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. Although the sacrifices were regularly offered, there was still a need for the foundation of the house and setting forward the work. In our own day too many are content to be saved, as if that was all, and are indifferent to giving the gospel to every creature, that the building of the church may be completed, not seeming to understand the plan and purpose of God (Eph. III, 11).

In the second month of the second year of their return to Jerusalem (verse 8) the foundation was laid with praise and giving thanks unto the Lord (10, 11), but, while many shouted aloud for joy, there were many who wept with a loud voice, some looking backward and thinking of the glory which had been theirs, and some looking forward to the glory before them. It is well to consider all the way by which the Lord has led us, but it is not well to weep as if all the glory was behind us, for the best days for the church and Israel and the world are before us, and not behind us. There is cause to sigh and cry when we consider the abominations of iniquity which are about us (Ezek. IX, 4), but the glory to be revealed, of which we are partakers, should cause us to rejoice in the days of our youth (Dan. II, 21). The foundation has been laid, the only foundation laid by God Himself, and happy is he who buildeth thereon, for he shall never be put to shame because of his foundation (Isa. XXVIII, 16; 1 Cor. III, 11; Eph. II, 19, 22). When the foundations of the earth were laid the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy (Job 38, 7). When Jesus was born in Bethlehem the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest" (Luke II, 13, 14). When the work is finished the Head and stone shall be brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto all" (Dan. 9, 24). The powers that be shall be renewed in the days of our youth (Dan. 9, 24). The powers that be shall be renewed in the days of our youth (Dan. 9, 24).

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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1905.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Governor, Curtis Guild, Jr., Boston.
Lieutenant Governor, Eben S. Draper, Hopedale.
Secretary of Commonwealth, Wm. M. Kim, Boston.
Treasurer and Receiver General, Arthur H. Chapin, Hopedale.
Auditor, Henry E. Turner, Hopedale.
Attorney General, Dana Mahone, Greenfield.
Solicitor General, Joseph H. Bartlett, Lowell.
County Commissioner, Joseph P. Thompson, Lowell.
Register of Probate, Joseph P. Thompson, Lowell.
Northern District, Joseph P. Thompson, Lowell.
Southern District, Edwin O. Childs, Newbury.

CANDIDATE WHITNEY.

The Massachusetts Republican Club was quick to take advantage of the vulnerability of Henry M. Whitney, the Democratic candidate for the Lieutenant-Governorship, in his attempts to secure legislation in this State for his personal interests, and for those of the corporations which he has been connected with. One phase of his management of the West End railroad was made the subject of legislative investigation, and it was found that thousands of dollars had been spent on Beacon Hill for what might fairly be termed purposes not intended to be for the best good of the people. The methods were repeated later when Mr. Whitney desired to further other legislation in which he was interested, so that today he becomes one of the most conspicuous exponents of the Lobby System that there is in the State of Massachusetts.

In these days, when official probity is so thoroughly necessary and vigorously demanded, when men in high places of trust and responsibility are being brought to book for their offences against the people, and when the conscience of the public is quickened to a sensitivity that has never before reached, are the people of Massachusetts going to forsake their own tried and true Republican candidates for State offices and cast their ballots for men who represent what the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor is known to represent in his methods of securing personal and corporate legislation? If the sturdy people of the suburban districts of the State allow themselves to be so carried away by this reciprocity idea that they give their approval to such candidates as that they will make a more grievous mistake than it is possible now to imagine.

EBEN S. DRAPER.

It ought not to be necessary to tell Republicans that Eben S. Draper, Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, is the real issue, the storm centre, so to speak, of the present State campaign. They should be able to see it without the aid of eyeglasses. Should he, by any possibility, be defeated at the polls, Whitney, Foss, and men of that political stripe, will claim it as a victory for Reciprocity, and it is solely to be able to do this that they are training all their big guns on him.

They have nothing against Draper as a man—they all like him; but because he is the chosen representative of genuine Republicanism on the ticket; of a candidate without the slightest tincture of the Reciprocity virus in his veins, and had the courage, at a critical moment in his campaign, when other aspirants were wobbling to publicly announce his adherence to the sound Republican doctrine of Protection, the Reciprocity fire is centered on him.

Whitney, Foss & Co. know very well that they cannot defeat Guild and the rest of the Republican ticket, and probably have no confidence in their ability to beat Draper with Whitney, the Reciprocity—Demagogue—Free Trade candidate for Lieutenant-Governor; but they are working hard for his defeat, a fact that Republicans all over the State ought to fully realize, and do their duty accordingly.

NO CHANGE FOR HIM.

The Editor of the Coin, Iowa, Gazette recently went among the farmers to learn for himself if it were true, as the Democrats had been claiming, that the men on farms were anxious to have the tariff tinkered to bring them relief from hard times. He reports that he found the farmers agreed that there is no demand for a change in the tariff schedule, and they all subscribed to the vigorous sentiment of a Page county veteran, emphasis and all, who replied to a query: "What in hell do we want to change the tariff for?" The conditions are the best the farmers, laborers and merchants have ever known, and a lot of agitators and office seekers want to upset the prosperous condition of the country by tariff tinkering. You just wait till we farmers get a whack at the proposition. We'll knock it out at the first chance, and the men who advocate it will be everlasting out of politics. Don't talk about reciprocity. There is no such thing. Just call it free trade, and I'll discuss it with you. Just leave things as they are."

An interesting story of Hopedale, illustrated, the home of Eben S. Draper, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in the present State campaign, appears on the outside of this issue of the JOURNAL. Others than Republican readers will find the article entertaining and of more than ordinary value. The Drapers have done a great deal for their workmen and families at Hopedale, and if the matter was left to them Eben S. would run ahead of the ticket by several thousands on Nov. 7.

By 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee should have every hack and public conveyance in this town engaged for election day. This suggestion may seem hogwash to some folks, but in a case of the kind Democrats have no rights that Republicans are bound to respect. Get the teams and compel Democrats to go to the polls alone, or stay at home.

It is said to say that "Charlie" Bartlett's laugh, as it appears in a huge poster on the billboard at the Railroad Station, will inspire every Democratic vote in this city on Nov. 7. It is a beauty, and no mistake! If that bang don't land "Charlie" in the gubernatorial chair nothing can, and he might as well throw up the sponge.

STATE ELECTION.

One week from next Tuesday, Nov. 7, the annual State election is to be held in this Commonwealth.

The Republicans have tickets in the field that are unsurpassed in the quality of intelligence and integrity. They cannot be beaten.

The State ticket is as clean as a whistle, and able. Everybody swears by Curtis Guild, and Eben Draper commands the confidence and respect of all who know him. His name next to the head would pull even a weak ticket through to victory. The best way to find out what a man really is to ask his neighbors about him. There isn't one in the State who stands that test better than Eben S. Draper of Hopedale. His townsmen say he is all right, and the hundreds of Draper Hopedale employees are with him in this election heart and hand and vote.

Nothing could be better than the County, Councillor and Legislative tickets; and if the Democrats manage to get a small bite, here and there, at the ballotboxes on Nov. 7, that will be the extent of their winnings.

RECIPROCITY.

The Democratic candidate for Governor says, with great rotundity, that "I am also convinced that reciprocal trade treaties should be made by this country with Canada and other countries." Of course he is, but his Party has no monopoly of that idea. It is a Republican doctrine almost as old as the Republic itself, and the Republican Party has done more to advance the doctrine in practical application than all the other parties put together. We all want Reciprocity. No country is so big that it can desert the wide world as a field for its endeavor, but Reciprocity in its very essence, means you buy some goods that I produce that you do not, and I will do the same by you. That is true Reciprocity, but that is not the Reciprocity that the Democratic Party wants and what its State candidates stand for. They want free trade. If the Democratic candidate thinks he can negotiate a Reciprocity treaty with Canada let him try it, and see where he will end.

Mayor Reade gave substantial reasons for declining to approve the petition of the Lowell & Woburn Street Railroad Company, favorably acted on by the City Council, for extension of the tracks of their line from Winsor to Pleasant street. He insisted that the interests of the city were not sufficiently guarded in the order of the Council, and therefore vetoed it. But, as was suspected, the order was passed over the Mayor's veto at the meeting of the Council on Monday evening. It would, perhaps, be well enough for the taxpayers to give this matter some attention.

The Republicans of this city will not be wholly satisfied with the usual majority for Herbert S. Riley for Representative on Nov. 7. He deserves and must have more than that. Lang, Democratic candidate, asserts that he is going to cut Riley's majority down nearly to the vanishing point. He winks cunningly when he says that; but nobody takes any stock in his words, winks or smiles. All the same, Riley must be busy on election day, and pile up the biggest majority he ever had.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.
E. Prior—Auction.
G. Place—For Sale.
Hammond—Clothing.
H. S. Riley—Mortgage.
J. G. Maguire—Mortgage.

—Don't fail to attend the Fair of the Swedish Lutheran church.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Brown and Mrs. Dimmick are visiting in Vermont.

—The Board of Health are after violators of sanitary laws with a picked stick.

—Mrs. Clara L. Kellogg of Westfield visited friends in Woburn last week.

—Dr. Robert Chalmers has got back from a hunting trip in the Maine woods.

—Mr. Griffin Place advertises for sale some desirable real estate at great bargains.

—Rev. Frank P. Johnson of New Orleans has been visiting relatives here lately.

—Young people, are you all ready for Halloween next Tuesday night? If not, why not?

—The Court at Cambridge closed for jury trials last Tuesday and both panels were discharged for the term.

—E. Prior advertises an important auction sale of household goods. For particulars read carefully his notice in this paper.

—An old English philosopher wrote: "The best conversationalist is the person who listens the best." How true! Try it and see.

—Miss Emma L. Peterson, Treasurer of the Home Club, East Boston, was a guest at the Woburn Woman's Club on the 20th.

—Capt. McCarthy and 20 members of Co. G. won first prize for invited guests at the shooting match of Co. H. at Stoneham last Friday.

—It might be interesting to learn the amount Democratic candidate Lang paid for the "pull" that Practical Politics gave him last week.

—By looking into the up-to-date druggist's window on the Bend, Whitney's, you will learn when Woburn was a seaport town. Would that she were one now!

—Last Monday evening Chief of Police McDermott made several changes in the beats of patrolmen. Such changes are ordered once in awhile to give the men a square deal.

—It looks as though the JOURNAL were pretty well loaded down with politics this week. But election is but little more than a week away, and then there will be a lull.

—Day after tomorrow is "Prison Sunday" when ministers and church people are expected to give their attention to reform and other matters connected with penal and reformatory institutions.

—E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

—Mr. George F. Eaton, formerly B. & M. station agent in this city, and still a resident here, was elected President of the National Railroad Freight Association last week.

—Hon. E. E. Thompson of this city, Associate County Commissioner for Middlesex County, has been engaged considerably this summer and fall on cases in that Court.

—Canvassers for food for the Congressional supper are making successful house to house calls. The supper gives the women a chance to sample each other's cooking.

—Union Thanksgiving Day services are to be held in the Swedish Lutheran church on the last Thursday in November. Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., is to preach the sermon.

—Mr. Griffin Place has opened a fire and life insurance office at 452 Main street, in connection with which he will do a real estate business. The public will find him all right.

—Benjamin Champney and his daughter, Mrs. A. C. Wyer, and daughter have returned from their summer home at North Conway, N. H. to their winter residence in this city.

—After a fortnight's visit here, Mrs. E. H. Hobbs, her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Hunt, and granddaughter, Elizabeth Storer Hunt, returned to their home at Portland, Me., early this week.

—Water Commissioner Hayward is attending Court as a juror at Cambridge this week. He is not deeply in love with his job, but private business has to yield to the demands of public service.

—The Fall meeting of the Woburn Conference met with the Congregational Church of Stoneham on Tuesday last. About fifty were present from the Woburn churches. The next meeting will be at Maplewood.

—Miss Clara N. Fogg of Bowdoinham, Maine, has been visiting friends in this city, Boston and Cambridge this week. Her literary contributions to the *Lowell & Woburn Street Railroad Journal* are a popular feature of that paper.

—Dr. John A. French of Winchester, the Democratic candidate for Representative from that District, is a Woburn born gentleman whose political ideals have become corrupted by contact with Winchester's gentry.

—The Woburn JOURNAL observed its 24th birthday Wednesday, and is as sprightly as ever. "New York Herald," Editor Hobbs who has been the publisher for 25 years, is as frisky as a colt. *Winchester Star*. You bet!

—Ellis & Buswell, contractors, with headquarters in this city, have been awarded the contract for building the masonry for a bridge at Grant street, Lexington. So far, this has been one of E. & B.'s most successful seasons.

—It is said that representatives of Armour & Co. have been looking over our city of late with a view of building a great factory for converting their Western hides into leather, similar to the huge Swift factory at Peabody. Let them wait.

—The Swede Lutheran church Fair opened for business last evening with a speech by Representative Herbert Riley. Tomorrow evening Rev. Mr. Andrus is to give an address. The Fair is held for the benefit of the church, of which G. Sigfrid Swensson is the pastor.

—Mrs. Samuel W. Mendum has returned to her home on Arlington Road from Lewiston, Maine, her former residence. The Esquire has made frequent visits to his wife and boy, happily domiciled on the Andruscoggin during the past season.

—Last year some 2000 non-resident sportsmen went into the Maine wilderness and pretty thoroughly explored its 33,000 square miles of deer and moose country, bringing out a quantity of game that nearly tallied with the total of the year before. *B. & M. Messenger*.

—Steps towards reopening of the Lowell & Woburn electric line move slowly. The hitch appears to be in Hopedale, that people of which town object to the change in route asked for by the Company. It looks as though the day is far distant when the road will resume operations.

—Last Monday the Fire Brigade of the High School demonstrated the efficiency of their drill by emptying the building of every scholar in just one minute and a half after the alarm. That was quick work, nor did the rush for outdoor safety create the least confusion, or violation of the rules.

—Returning from a month's touring and visiting in Illinois and Minnesota, Mrs. Louise Newhall of Fairfield, Maine, accompanied by her daughter Mary L., called on the JOURNAL people last Wednesday to report on Western crops and other interesting matters. She praised the hospitality of the prairie folks to the skies.

—Rev. G. Sigfrid Swensson, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church in this city, with which he is doing excellent work, teaches a class of his countrymen in English at the evening school. The school opened and is progressing in a satisfactory manner. The desire on the part of the pupils for a better education seems to be stronger than ever.

—Daniel R. Bezge, a hunter of renown, sent from Patten, Maine, a few days ago, the big moose he shot there, and on Tuesday morning it was on exhibition at Linnell's market. The great fellow was billed at 600 pounds, but was for transportation purposes probably for his weight much exceeded that figure by considerable. He showed a fine set of antlers.

—Grace L. Norris of the Law firm of Norris & Norris, Mechanics Block, Woburn, will entertain this evening about 20 of the New England Women Lawyers at her home. The N. E. Women Attorneys and Counsellors at Law have recently formed a Club, and will hold their second meeting as an organization tonight.

—Fair skies and sunshine have prevailed this week, but the air has been decidedly autumnal.

—More work is being done by the plan of shifting gear every week on the highway, than before.

—Mr. E. Garry Barker and family of Church street are entertaining their son, E. Garry Barker, Jr., of Mobile, Ala.

—The Calendar of the Woburn Woman's Club now in press shows a large membership than in any previous year of its history.

—The alarm from box 62 at 3.13 last Sunday afternoon was for a fire in a house on Park street occupied by George Hamilton.

—The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the usual place, Monday afternoon, Oct. 30, at 3 o'clock. *—Press Scr.*

—An arc light has been erected at the corner of the St. Charles Parochial school on Main street, and another had place where one should be erected is at the curve below Stoddard street.

—At the Congregational Church, next Sunday evening the newly organized chorus will sing. The chorus is under the direction of Prof. Phono of the New England Conservatory of Music.

—The Fair of the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church opened Wednesday evening and closed last evening. The vestry was nicely decorated. There was a large attendance. The supper was fine and enjoyed by a large number.

—Frank Hardy, Ferdie Harkins and Charles Porter have gone West. Hardy and Harkins to join their respective polo teams, the former to play with Danville, the latter with the Marlborough team. Porter has gone in search of employment.

—Special attention is asked for the new advertisement in the *Hammond & Son Co.* in this paper. Under the intelligent and enterprising management of Mr. J. Foster Deland the Company are doing a large and fine business, which shows a gratifying increase every month.

—The Barker Lumber Company are selling a great deal of lumber at present. Their trade includes all the neighboring towns, and has never been more satisfactory than now. We are pleased with this report, for Gerry Barker is deserving of a prosperous business, if any man is, and is all right in every respect.

—It is learned from the *Arlington Advocate* that "Berthrong, the artist, is filling a large order for campaign portraits to be sent to the State Fair, notably Mr. Jerome's. In this sort of work Mr. Berthrong has no successful rival." He is an esteemed Arlington citizen and a gentleman, and the best campaign portrait painter in America. He is, also, a successful teacher of the Spanish language.

—Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, the accomplished wife of Water Commissioner E. F. Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club, and member of the Woburn School Board, gave one of her recently written lectures, "The Night of the Future," before the Alden Club at Franklin last Monday evening. This lecture is highly spoken of by those who have enjoyed the privilege of hearing it.

—Alderman Aylward, President of the City Council, is permanently employed as an Editorial writer on the *News*. We welcome him, with open arms, to the ranks of the Brotherhood. His advent into journalism means that the democracy of the *News* will become more intensified, and its Editorial columns brighter, of a higher grade of culture, and of potential than ever before, if such a thing were possible.

—In last week's issue of the *JOURNAL* something was said about weather, with especial emphasis laid on the extreme heat of Oct. 18. Well, one of the severest weather changes of the season occurred within 48 hours after the appearance of the item in print, the temperature falling from about 80 degrees to 28—4 below freezing—within the period named. Neither extreme was conducive to real comfort.

—The death of Captain Clement P. Jayne occurred at Quincy, Mass., on Tuesday morning, Oct. 24, 1905, and the funeral is to be held at 1 o'clock this Friday, afternoon. He was, and had been for some years prior to his decease, Superintendent of the Sailors' Home at Quincy, where his administration had been highly approved.

—Clement P. Jayne was born at Hampden, Maine, on Aug. 4, 1823, but came to Lynn in early life, where he grew to manhood. Taking to the sea for an occupation he rose to be Master of sailing and steam vessels, and for quite a period was engaged in the Haverhill and Boston trade.

—On the decline of the American merchant marine Capt. Jayne left the sea, and was for some years employed by the Boston & Maine Railroad Company as an adjuster of damage claims. Subsequently he was an inspector of vessels for a Boston Marine insurance Company. A few years ago he was appointed to the office of Superintendent of the Sailors' Home at Quincy.

—The Republican State Committee has received the following letter from the sheepskin tanners:
Boston, Mass., October 27, 1905.
Gentlemen: We take this method, as tanners of sheepskins, to recognize the services of the Republican State Committee for Governor in behalf of the leather industry of this State.

By a speaker and one who has been put on the dutiable list, Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., has most vigorously urged the repeal of the tariff on sheepskins. Further, when by an ill-considered, arbitrary ruling of a poorly-informed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, picked sheepskins were transferred from the free to the dutiable list in defiance of the decisions of the courts, it was largely through his efforts that this decision was reversed, and the Washington official responsible for the decision, and its presentation at the Treasury, was exposed to the broader knowledge and fairer judgment.

We believe in judging a man by his record rather than his promises, and his record in this case is a most commendable one. He has done more for the sheepskin industry of Massachusetts than Mr. Guild.

You are at entire liberty to make what use you please of this document. Very truly yours,
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—Read what the Pierce Drug Co. says in their ad this week about the Free Tax Set.

—William B. de la Casca, Chairman of the Metropolitan Park Commission of Massachusetts, delivered a highly entertaining and instructive lecture before a largely attended meeting of Trinity Club on Tuesday evening.

The lecture was illustrated with one hundred selected views showing the most extensive developed park system in the United States, as well as views of parks in Europe, especially England and Germany. A light collection followed.

—A few days ago Charles H. Taylor, the photographer, artist, 23 Pleasant street, received a picture of the schooner *Polly* which was built on the Merrimack River in 1805, and is still in active service between Newburyport and Boston. In the War of 1812 she was a privateer and captured five British vessels and took them as prizes into Boston. Not many months ago the *JOURNAL* carried a considerable account of the *Polly*.

—The story having been furnished the Editor by Mr. George Buchanan, who knew the little schooner in his boyhood days at Amesbury. Mr. Taylor will make copies of the picture.

—The Hyde Park Gazette had the following good words for Mrs. Hayward's lecture before the Current Events Club of that place last week: "Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club, gave her new and delightful lecture, 'Cuba and Her People.' Her descriptions were most unique and original, especially those relating to the beautiful scenery of the island, the color effects and their exquisite combination, the points of interest in and about Havana, including street scenes, habits and customs of the people, harbor regulations, the Garrote El Vedado, La Fiesta, Jai Alai, the masked ball, the witches trial, etc., were given in a clear and brilliant manner, interspersed with touches of wit and humor, all combining to hold the close attention of the audience throughout."

—About 175 people, including the cream of Woburn's choicest society, attended Towanda's first Ladies' Night of the season last Monday evening. It was a most successful affair.

—The season's last dance, so to speak, was given at Towanda last night. It was a most successful affair, and the guests during the coming months. "Lighted" but feebly expresses the character of the function—it was great! It is the habit of our women on these occasions to bedeck themselves in the finest things their wardrobes contain, and as they are famous for the elegance of their costumes, it can be easily said that no hall in Woburn has ever witnessed such a brilliant display of silk, satin and velvet as that seen at the Towanda Clubhouse on the night under discussion, to say nothing of the sparkling jewels and gems, of priceless value, that ornamented their fair persons.

The gentlemen made a stunning appearance in regulation evening dress, and seemed proud of their sartorial display. There was a programme of music in which Jennie Treacraft, soprano; Maud Hortense Littlefield, violin; Hicks, tenor; figured gloriously; while the accompanying by Dora A. Winn and Organist Hood, was in a form that defied criticism.

Then there was Floyd, the magician; such wonderful things as that man produced, it is hard to remember for an intelligent and highly cultivated audience! One would hardly think it possible for a human being to do such things. Besides the music and magic there was social intercourse of the most pleasing and intellectually elevating kind. This feature of the function was immensely enjoyed by everyone.

The Night, after the foregoing, until 12 o'clock, was devoted to tripping the light fantastic toe.

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We believe in judging a man by his record rather than his promises, and his record in this case is a most commendable one. He has done more for the sheepskin industry of Massachusetts than Mr. Guild.

You are at entire liberty to make what use you please of this document. Very truly yours,
Morris Leather Co., (Holland M. Baker, President, E. Ingraham & Co., Michael Kelly, L. B. Southwick & Co., George Clark, J. M. Lloyd, George & Barry Leather Co., National Wool & Leather Co., (William B. Revere Treas.), J. B. Clark & Co., (E. H. Gowing Treas.), Winslow Bros. & Smith Co., A. E. Clark & Co., George S. Yeaton & Co., P. R. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Nathan H. Poor Leather Co.

—The death of Captain Clement P. Jayne occurred at Quincy, Mass., on Tuesday morning, Oct. 24, 1905, and the funeral is to be held at 1 o'clock this Friday, afternoon. He was, and had been for some years prior to his decease, Superintendent of the Sailors' Home at Quincy, where his administration had been highly approved.

—Clement P. Jayne was born at Hampden, Maine, on Aug. 4, 1823, but came to Lynn in early life, where he grew to manhood. Taking to the sea for an occupation he rose to be Master of sailing and steam vessels, and for quite a period was engaged in the Haverhill and Boston trade.

—On the decline of the American merchant marine Capt. Jayne left the sea, and was for some years employed by the Boston & Maine Railroad Company as an adjuster of damage claims. Subsequently he was an inspector of vessels for a Boston Marine insurance Company. A few years ago he was appointed to the office of Superintendent of the Sailors' Home at Quincy.

—The Republican State Committee has received the following letter from the sheepskin tanners:
Boston, Mass., October 27, 1905.
Gentlemen: We take this method, as tanners of sheepskins, to recognize the services of the Republican State Committee for Governor in behalf of the leather industry of this State.

By a speaker and one who has been put on the dutiable list, Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., has most vigorously urged the repeal of the tariff on sheepskins. Further, when by an ill-

H. M. Whitney's Methods

"I Freely Admit Giving the Dinners, of employing counsel and making use of the lobby, but it was to prevent the accomplishment of an infamous purpose which was championed by you in violation of your oath."

—Henry M. Whitney in his reply to George Fred Williams.

EX-GOV. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL,
DEMOCRAT,

Condemned the Whitney Methods

In his speech at Lynn, Oct. 31, 1890, Hon. William E. Russell said:

"In my opinion that measure has great merit. It meets the just demand of the community for quicker and better transit. It is a practical solution by able and responsible men of a difficult problem, and it will promote the convenience of the public; but if I had been Governor of this Commonwealth, I would, under the circumstances disclosed by the investigation, have vetoed that bill as quickly as I could have put pen to paper."

"FOR I HOLD THAT IT IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT TO GUARD SACREDLY THE PURITY OF LEGISLATION AND TO REBUKE THE LOBBY THAN THAT ANY MEASURE OF MERIT SHOULD BE HASTENED IN ITS PASSAGE. I HOLD THAT ONE OF THE HIGHEST DUTIES OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH IS TO PROTECT ITS FAIR NAME FROM LEGISLATIVE SCANDAL AND TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE FROM THE IMPROPER CONTROL OF LEGISLATION BY SECRET INFLUENCES."

The Supreme Court
OF MASS.

Condemned the Whitney Methods

In a ruling of the supreme court (6-Allen 183) the law was laid down that:

"THE PRACTICE OF PROCURING MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE TO ACT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF WHAT THEY HAVE EATEN AND DRUNK AT HOUSES OF ENTERTAINMENT TENDS TO RENDER THOSE OF THEM WHO YIELD TO SUCH INFLUENCES WHOLLY UNFIT TO ACT IN SUCH CASES."

"They are disqualified from acting fairly toward interested parties, or toward the public."

"THE TENDENCY AND OBJECT OF THESE INFLUENCES ARE TO OBTAIN BY CORRUPTION WHAT IT IS SUPPOSED CANNOT BE OBTAINED FAIRLY."

Will Massachusetts now endorse the man who boldly admits that he employs these methods?

The Republican State Committee, Thomas Talbot, Chairman, William M. Flanders, Secretary.

HER LADYSHIP'S DIAMONDS

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1905, by C. B. Lewis

Her ladyship's extravagance was a subject of general remark, but it was true that her ladyship did not stint her in money matters, and so what she threw away was nobody's business after all. It was so for the first five years of their married life, and then his ladyship began to feel the pinch. He delayed saying anything to her of the matter as long as possible, but there came a day when he had to tell her that retrenchment must be the watchword for several years to come. He had figured up her bills and found she had spent more money in a given time than any other woman in the kingdom. In a way he was proud of it, but in another way he had to give her a word of caution. She could still be extravagant and reduce her expenses one-half.

His ladyship found out something too late. Give a wife rein for the first five years, and she will take the bit in her teeth for the next five. Talk of economy should come before instead of after. In addition to gratifying her own many whims and caprices her ladyship had a brother in the navy and another in the army, both officers, of course, and both living more or less off her bounty. Only the day before her ladyship had asked for a private interview to talk retrenchment she had sent the naval officer a liberal check to straighten out his debts of honor and been informed by letter that the other one must have a much larger amount or throw up his commission in disgrace.

His ladyship's news, therefore, came like a douche of cold water. If it was any sort of scene it was kept from the servants and therefore from the public, and things seemed to go on as before. They didn't, however. Her ladyship had her diamonds duplicated in paste and raised a large sum on the real gems to help others and herself. This was done quietly and secretly and was only part of a plan she had in her mind.

After the close of the London season his ladyship retired to her country estate and was soon followed by a score of invited guests. The astute English robber is always on the watch for these house gatherings. Every woman guest is certain to bring at least a good part of her jewels to wear at dinner, and there are always chances for a score of thieves to get in his work. As an offset the host employs a detective to mix in with the servants or even with the guests for the time being and keep watch over things.

It was so in this case. Scotland Yard had loaned him Inspector McDonald, and there never had been a robbery in a country house he was protecting.

The inspector, under another name, mingled with the guests and made himself at home, but he was given to passing much of his time wandering over the estate and musing in the shade of its forests. One of his musing fits was one day interrupted in a rather singular manner.

ing. There was a sensation at once. No one had seen any stranger lurking about, and the robbery must have been perpetrated by some of the servants. Including maids and valets, these numbered over sixty, and each one was obliged to come forward and be investigated. His ladyship insisted on the most rigorous examination, and this led to protestations and hard feelings. Within twenty-four hours the house party was broken up and scattered, and Inspector McDonald had to admit that he had no clue. The only thing his ladyship could do was to offer a reward, and he made it \$25,000.

The inspector did not go with the others. He remained behind to look for clues. He held many interviews with his ladyship and her ladyship together, and he had to admire the density of the one and the cunning of the other. It was through her advice and insistence that his ladyship advertised "No questions asked." The stolen plunder could thus be returned by any one of her choosing. The \$25,000 would get the originals out of pawn and save her brother. The inspector held but one interview with her ladyship alone. At that interview, after she had retold her story and looked him as straight in the eye as a woman could, he said:

"I can't believe that the plunder was carried far. I shouldn't wonder if it was buried in the woods."

"That may be," she innocently replied.

"They didn't happen to be your paste diamonds, while the real gems are in a vault in town?"

"Would his ladyship advertise such a reward for paste diamonds? Have you ever heard that I have resorted to paste?"

"I don't mean it in that sense. The reason I spoke of the woods was because I was out there that afternoon."

"Well?"

"I thought I saw a woman prowling around."

"I would have been delighted as a detective. Why didn't you speak of the matter before?"

"The more I think of it the more I believe that this woman buried something at the foot of a tree."

"Then let me call my ladyship, and we will go at once."

When it was too late he saw that she wouldn't take a bluff, and he was obliged to accompany the pair to the woods. He walked straight to the tree and showed them the cavity. He looked straight into the eyes of the woman, but she did not flatter in the gaze. He saw by her attitude that she was even ready to hear him say that she was the woman he saw and to drag from his pocket the bag of diamonds in corroboration. He dared not put her to the test.

When his ladyship criticized his action in not overhauling the unknown woman, the detective could only swallow his chagrin and beg to withdraw from the case. Two hours later he was packed and ready to go. As he was descending the stairs he encountered her ladyship ascending. She gazed straight into his eyes and held out her hand. There was no bribe in her fingers—she knew the inspector to be above that. She took the bag of diamonds from his pocket and passed it over without a word and then, raising his hat to her, he kept on his way out of doors. Two weeks later a London paper said:

"We are glad to hear that her ladyship's diamonds have been restored to her. It is hinted that the person claiming the reward had the diamonds in corroboration, though in disguise."

"One of her brothers, maybe," said Inspector McDonald to himself, as he turned to the case in his book and wrote "Closed" at the bottom.

The Bengal Groceries.

The Bengal groceries build a nest shaped like a bottle and always select for its support a long, thin limb overhanging a stream of water. The entrance is beneath, and from the situation and peculiar shape, it is absolutely impossible for a snake to gain admission to the nest. One naturalist records seeing fourteen attempts at the part of serpents to get at the nest, but the hungry snakes always fell off into the water.

Changed Position.

Fielding—How time changes a man! There's the Rattler. A dozen years ago he was so engrossed with the teams on the diamond that he cared for nothing else. Now all his thoughts are centered in his family. You know he has a wife and eight children. Rhums—Well, that isn't so much of a change. He has simply transferred his interest to his home nine—Judge.

Working the Old Man.

"Do you think her father will give his consent?"

"Sure! I've been playing poker with him once a week for the last six months and letting him win. He'll feel he has been offered a pension when I ask him."—Houston Post.

The Best They Could Do.

Rich Uncle—Well, Annabel, have you named the baby for me? Young Wife—No, Uncle James, but we have come as near to it as we can. We call her Jimena. —Chicago Tribune.

Childhood has no forebodings, but then, it is soothed by no memories of untold sorrow.—George Elliot.

To Please Him.

Mrs. Aseum—But why do you buy such expensive things when you know your husband can't afford them? Mrs. Aseum—To please him? Yes, there's nothing he likes better than a chance to have something to complain about to his own people and pose as a martyr.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sincere Admiration.

"Why do you insist on keeping a parrot?"

"Because," answered the lonely man, "I like to hear it talk. The parrot is the only creature gifted with the power of speech that is content to repeat just what it hears without trying to make a good story of it."—Washington Star.

His Religion.

Not long ago a certain clergyman from the west was called to a church in Jersey City. Soon after his arrival the divine's wife made the usual visit to the members of the parish. One of these, a plumber's wife, was asked by the good lady whether the family were regular churchgoers, whereupon the wife of the plumber replied that, while she and her children were attendants at divine service quite regularly, her husband was not.

"Dear me," said the minister's wife. "That's too bad! Does your husband never go to church?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that he never went," was the reply. "Occasionally Will goes to the Unitarian, now and then to the Methodist, and I have known him to attend the Catholic church."

A look of perplexity came to the face of the visitor. "Perhaps your husband is an agnostic," suggested she.

"Not at all," hastily answered the other. "He's a plumber. When there is nothing for him to do at one church, he is very likely something for him at one of the others."—Harper's Weekly.

Where the Sea Disappeared.

A girl was recently overtaken and drowned by the incoming tide on the west coast of France. A transplanted Breton said of this fatality:

"Can you, who see your own tides crawl in at the rate of ten feet or so an hour, imagine tides racing like wild white horses up the flat sands at the rate of half a mile a minute? The extraordinary fatness of our Breton coasts gives us these phenomenal tides. The sea does not rise and fall. It appears and disappears. You have a vast and flat plain of sand. At a set hour the sea rushes in, white, wild, submerging this vast plain. At a set hour the unseen hand sucks back the waters—back thirty, forty, fifty miles—and nothing is visible but the plain of pale sand again. We went once as walk on this desolate plain when the tide begins to rise, for they must drown! Nothing can save them."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Experienced Traveler.

"Look here," donned the Irish hotel proprietor, "what did you say to that last guest?"

"Why," replied the waiter, "he didn't pass over a tip, so I said, 'I think you have forgotten something, sir.'"

"That's just it. After you said that he returned to the table and took three oranges and six pears."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Most Americans eat too fast and too much, but the grocer and the butcher aren't the ones that are calling attention to the evil.—Somerville Journal.

The Mission of the Children.

Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but grown-up men and women, how we would long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good things, whose office is to turn the fathers' hearts to the children and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. A child softens and purifies the heart, warning it and ridding it of its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue; it is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indicates the heart. They brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, if, I do think, it were not embellished by little children.—Thomas Binney.

A Full Stop.

A returned traveler who spent half of his holiday in a tour of Ireland brought back a sample of the happy-go-lucky wit of the Irish "jarvey" or driver. In a breakneck race down a hill he suddenly realized that the spirited little Irish mare was running away.

"Pull her up!" he shouted excitedly.

"Hold tight, your honor," returned the jarvey easily.

"Pull her up!" again commanded the traveler, making a grab for the reins.

"For your life don't touch the reins," the jarvey answered without tightening his grip. "Sure, they're as rotten as pears."

The traveler made ready to jump, but the jarvey laid a soothing hand on his shoulder.

"Sit easy," he said reassuringly. "I'll turn her into the river at the bridge below here. Sure, that'll stop her."

Clouds of Dragon Flies in Patagonia.

"A number of years ago," said a California man, "I was traveling in that desolate part of South America known as Patagonia, a region I do not care to visit to the members of the parish. One of these, a plumber's wife, was asked by the good lady whether the family were regular churchgoers, whereupon the wife of the plumber replied that, while she and her children were attendants at divine service quite regularly, her husband was not."

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HAWAIIAN SERVANTS.

A Story Which Illustrates One of Their Peculiarities.

"Hawaiian servants," said a brown woman, "are the best—the best in the world, but they are strangely unsophisticated, strange creatures."

"Hawaiian servants insist on calling you by your first name. Ours were always saying to my husband, 'Yes, John,' or 'All right, John,' and to me, 'Very well, Ann,' or 'Ann, I am going out.'"

"At last I got tired of this, and to John, when we got a new cook, I said: 'Don't ever call me by my first name in this new cook's presence. Then, perhaps, not knowing my name, you won't have to say "Mrs." to me.'"

"So John was very careful always to address me as 'Dearie' or 'Sweetheart,' but the new cook, a watchful chap, gave me no title at all.

"One day we had some company, some English officers. I told them how I had overcome, in my new cook's case, the native servants' horrid abuse of their employers' Christian names, and I said: 'This servant, at least, you won't have to call "Mrs." to me.'"

"Just then the new cook entered the room. He bowed to me respectfully and said:

"'Sweetheart, dinner is served.'"

"'What?' I stammered.

"'Dinner is served, dearie,' answered the new cook."—New York Herald.

THE HIGH CLASS KOREAN.

Being a Drawing Room Gentleman, He is a Slave to His Dress.

The Korean is above everything else a man of the drawing room, and all his instincts move along the leisurely ways of life. Anything like haste or presence of mind is unknown to the eternal laws that govern him. This characteristic of his is evident in all his actions at all times and under all conceivable circumstances. Being a drawing room gentleman, dress is the great ambition of his life. From the shoes of his feet to the topknot on the top of his head he is ordered so as to be seen and admired of men.

His shoes while in mourning must be spotlessly white. No atom of dust or fly speck shall mar them. His socks, beautifully put, are stitched to perfection; his pantaloons, big enough for a Broddingnag, are padded, quilted and ironed until they come forth looking like some mysterious fabric of polished marble; his jacket likewise and his overcoat and wristlets.

Not only has he a headband, a topknot and a hat on his head, but he buys a pair of spectacles and adds them to his already overcharged headgear, and thus cased, with a ring on his finger and a fan in his hand, he goes forth to make his way through this troubled world.—North China Herald.

A CALL TO THE WOODS.

Commune With Yourself Occasionally For Your Own Good.

Mr. Busy Man, leave your task some day; let the shop take care of itself; let the mill go as it may, let the plow stand in its furrow, and take yourself into the depths of the solace, shady woods. Call back, ah, call back the forgotten years; collect around you the old friends, the old thoughts, the old ambitions, the mistakes you made, the faults you had, the wrongs you did or suffered, the opportunities wasted, the vain things you sought, the work that you might have done better, the kind words you might have spoken and did not, the good deeds you might have done and did not, the frowns that should have been smiles, the curses that might have been blessings, the tears that ought never to have been shed, the wounds that need never have been made.

Commune with yourself—your past, your present, your future, your crimes, your weaknesses, your doubts, your fears, your hopes, your despair—and thus, by delivering a copy thereof to each person, you will be able to see the better side of your soul into the prayer:

"God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Watson's Magazine.

A Queer Ceremony.

A queer ceremony is performed every year on the 8th day of September in the Valle Maggia, Italy. The region abounds in vipers. The celebrants form into a weird procession, each carrying a large figure of a snake stuffed with cotton. As they pass along they weep and lament, believing that by the expiatory ceremony they will render themselves proof against snake bites during the grape gathering.

Joy.

Joy is a prize unthought and is freest, purest in its flow when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven, as a place, will compare it. You must carry it with you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the willing up out of the depths of eternal springs that hide the waters there.—Horace Bushnell.

The Singers.

"You opera singers are all jealous, aren't you?" quizzed the friend of the prima donna.

"Oh, no," replied the prima donna, "lots of us never sang in church choirs."—Philadelphia Record.

Knew Himself.

Flora—I can't decide on a birthday gift for Arthur.

"Give him yourself."


"He made me promise not to give him an expensive present."

Small Crimes Always Precede Great Ones.

Never have we seen timid innocence pass suddenly to extreme licentiousness.—Racine.

Women in India.

It will be many years before the caste prejudices of India are sufficiently broken down to give any sort of freedom to the Indian woman. From a bride she is unmercifully overworked, but from the day she gives up her childhood to the day of her death—it will be for sixty years—she is secluded and sees nothing of the world outside the walls of her family inclosure. Her happiness or misery, indeed, entirely depends on the manner in which the affairs of the family are conducted. The Indian woman, isolated from the outer world by custom, is by custom isolated as far as practicable from all the male members of that little inner world to which she is confined. Free intercourse, even with her own husband, is not permitted her. Her youthful capabilities for joyousness exist. No wonder, then, that absence of jollity is characteristic of the Indians generally, for the happy laughter of a home is denied them by custom in the most persistent manner.



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We Give Legal Stamps DOUBLE EVERY TUESDAY

JAYNES & CO.,
140 Washington St., cor. North, BOSTON, MASS.



Republican State Ticket of 1905.

SOCIAL SPONGING.

The Extent to Which It is Carried

There is probably no city in the world where there is so much social sponging done as in London. At their big functions hosts and hostesses have frequently met the remotest acquaintances of many of the people who attend them and whose check is only extended by their voracity. "I have one particular case in memory," says a writer in the Boston Herald, "where a woman brought fifty of her friends. It was at the house of a millionaire, the Hon. Glin Vivian, in Eaton square. On the same occasion nearly every one else brought herself, her family and all her friends. It was a never-to-be forgotten gathering. Many people never succeeded in getting beyond the hall door. An excellent supper was provided for about three or four hundred, but there must have been a thousand present. About 1 a. m. people were sitting about in the bedrooms eating sandwiches and drinking claret or champagne—in fact, anything that could grab from the supper table—and the story went that they got so hungry and riotous that they invaded the wine cellar and the larder."

French Origin of "Save the King."

The British national anthem, of French origin. The 17th century English asserts that the words of "God Save the King" are a literal translation of a hymn in honor of Louis XIV, chanted by the young girls in residence at the convent of St. Cyr.

The French words of this hymn were:

Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi!
Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi!
Vive le roi!
Que toujours gloire,
Louis victorieux,
Vale sur ennemis,
Toujours vainqueur.

The music of this chant was copied during his visit to France by Handel, who on his return to England dedicated it to George I.

Tom Reed's Wit.

Congressman Reed of Massachusetts was a great admirer of Speaker Reed, to whom he said on one occasion, "Do you know, Mr. Reed, the people are talking a great deal about you for president, and I would not be surprised if they elected you president some day?" "Well, Moore," was the dry comment of the speaker, "they could do worse and I have no doubt they will."

In Use.

Mamma (at breakfast table)—You should always use your napkin, George!—George—I use it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Golden Days.

Keys of bronze and iron have been found in Greece and Italy dating from at least the seventh century before Christ.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situation, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. J. E. NICHOLS at 434 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, LEAD, WAFFLE, DORRISONS' CURE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietor of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning. 7 BURL PLACE, WOBURN. Canvases Chairs Reupholstered. Telephone 1515.

A. GRANT

Announces to his customers and friends that his Tailoring Shop is now at No. 1 and 3, up stairs, at 424 Main Street, where he carries on a large line of samples of Foreign and Domestic Suitings, Fancy Trousering and Overcoating, which are made in the best workmanship and style. Ladies' wear and repairing.

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Woburn Journal

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Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

To Ladies

1. Your husband knows—your brother knows—your father knows—your son knows us.

2. Now we want YOU to know us, too.

3. THEY know us because we make their Clothing.

4. We want YOU to know us for the same reason—because we will make YOUR Clothing; and we will suit you as well as we suit them.

5. Our department devoted to LADIES' TAILORING is a relatively new one with us.

6. Our supply of cloths is complete, our cutters are experts, and our workmanship is at the upper limit of excellence.

7. We invite YOU, madam, to come in and make acquaintance with the details in your own interest.

Macullar Parker Company

Custom Tailors for Women as well as for Men.
400 Washington Street, Boston

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1905.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Governor, Curtis Guild, Jr., Boston
Lieut. Governor, Eben S. Draper, Woburn
Secretary of Commonwealth, Wm. M. Olin, Boston
Treasurer and Receiver General, Arthur B. Chapin, Holyoke
Auditor, Henry E. Turner, Malden
Attorney General, David M. Greene, Boston
Councilor 5th District, Lewis H. Bartlett, Lynn
Councilor 6th District, Sidney A. Hill, Boston
Representatives, George H. Shackford, Reading
County Commissioner, George H. Shackford, Reading
Register of Probate, W. E. Rogers, Wakefield
Treasurer, Joseph O. Hayden, Somerville
Northern District, Joseph O. Hayden, Somerville
Southern District, Edward C. Childs, Lowell

FIRING AT DRAPER.

Fully realizing the futility of any efforts they may put forth to defeat, or even jar, Curtis Guild, the Democrats are concentrating their fire on Eben S. Draper, the Republican candidate for Lieut. Governor, with the vain hope of making a point favorable to Reciprocity, the pet scheme of their candidate Whitney. The Republican leaders seem to have but recently come to see and appreciate these facts. The contest between Draper and Whitney is considerably more than a personal one, wherein the only question involved is, which of two men shall be elected. A principle is at stake, and, considering that Draper is the embodiment of the Protective idea, which they oppose, the Reciprocity cohorts are sailing into him with all their might and main.

However, Draper is a fighter and is doing valiant service for his party, including himself; the State and other Committees are wide awake to the situation; the orators are stamping the State earnestly and effectively day and night; and if the Republican majority next Tuesday does not reach away into the pictures, with Draper well in front, we'll never try to guess again.

RILEY AND SHACKFORD.

Nobody who knows him questions for a moment the ability of Mr. George A. Shackford of Reading, the Republican candidate, to represent this District in the House in a manner creditable to himself and his constituents. No man in Reading has a better business and social standing than he enjoys, and no one shares more largely the confidence of his fellow townsmen. The Republicans of Reading have never failed to present clean, able candidates for the Legislature, for example, call to mind Grimes, Roberts, Nowell, and now Shackford. Woburn Republicans have always found it safe to vote for the candidates presented by their Reading brethren, and they will find it safe and for the best interests of the District to vote for Mr. Shackford next Tuesday.

Nothing need be said of Herbert S. Riley, Esq., the Woburn candidate, for he has been weighed in the balance and found not wanting. His legislative record speaks for itself, and every line of it is a credit to his ability and integrity.

Mr. Riley deserves the vote of every Republican in the District, and will get it.

A FULL REPUBLICAN VOTE.

It is entirely safe to conclude that the Republican Ward and City Committee will put forth every endeavor to get Republicans to the polls next Tuesday. Not only a sense of duty, but their interest, will induce them to resort to all the means, and use all the tools at their command, to secure a vote from every Republican in the city. It is absolutely certain that the committee will do their full duty, which will mean success.

The voters also should realize the full extent of their duty to the party and vote for the Republican ticket next Tuesday. It seems strange that some men should be so indifferent to party obligations, so careless, and value the privilege of suffrage so lightly, as to fail to go to the polls and vote. Such men are not good, true citizens, and as partisans they amount to nothing.

We hope that every Republican in this city will take interest enough in the election next Tuesday to come out and vote. Neither, if we will, should any wait for a carriage to go to them.

VOTE FOR GUILD AND DRAPER.

THE LEATHER INTEREST.

One of the chief cries of the Democratic people have been that the Republican Party was inimical to the leather interests. As Massachusetts is a large producer of leather and its products this would be very important if it was true, but the attitude of the leading leather men of Boston in issuing an endorsement of Gen. Guild as one of the best friends of the leather interests of the State would indicate that there was nothing to fear from Republican success so far as the leather interests were concerned, and the same may be said of the other industries.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

The opposition to Hon. Levi S. Gould on election day is likely to be too insignificant to be made any account of. His election would come close to being unanimous.

Mr. Gould is Chairman of the Middlesex Board of County Commissioners, and everyone who has occasion to visit the shiretown and does business with him declares him to be a model Commissioner. He is capable and honest, and there isn't a more courteous gentleman in the county than Mr. Gould.

There is no danger of his name being scratched at the ballotboxes.

ELECTION DAY.

It isn't to be presumed for a single instant that any voter in this city will forget that next Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1905, is election day in this State, but no harm ought to come from announcing that the polls will be opened at 6 o'clock in the morning, and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Let no Republican forget this, or fail to go to the polls and cast his ballot for GUILD AND DRAPER.

The best and safest plan is to vote early in the morning. By doing so the duty will not be forgotten, and failure to vote caused by accidents, or other hindrances, will be avoided.

Vote for Riley and Shackford for Representatives.

We were glad to welcome Editor Twombly of the Reading Chronicle to the JOURNAL office last Monday afternoon, for it had been 6 or 7 years since his last previous appearance here. He was accompanied by Mr. George A. Shackford, the Reading Republican candidate for Representative, a gentleman who we had never before seen, but with whose appearance and talk we were pleased. They did not come to Woburn on an electioneering tour, but, rather, to afford Mr. Shackford an opportunity to become acquainted with Woburn Republicans who will vote for him next Tuesday and claim a share of the honor of his victory. Mr. Shackford is one of Reading's solid business men; is highly esteemed by his fellowcitizens; and will make a first-class Representative.

This item is printed for the especial edification of the man who came into the JOURNAL office the other day and gravely informed the Editor that the great shoe manufacturing industry in Massachusetts is rapidly going, by reason of the tariff on hides, to the demitition bowwows;

	1892	1896	1900
Value of product	\$125,125,000	\$117,448,947	\$126,756,948
Average number of wage earners	70,000	68,000	80,000
Total annual wages paid	\$24,500,000	\$23,270,000	\$30,850,287

All this in Massachusetts; with a tariff on hides, too.

A Democratic organ says that Mr. Whitney is a good representative of "those 60,000 Republicans who are fighting for free hides, lumber, iron ore, wood pulp and reciprocity with Canada and other nations." This is not true. No man who has employed the methods that Henry M. Whitney has in securing legislation ought to pose as the representative of any class of Republicans, whether they want free coal or not.

If our Democratic brethren of Woburn would go out to Hopedale and see what the Drapers have done for the comfort and happiness of their employees, the chances are that they would come back and vote for Eben S. Draper for Lieut. Governor next Tuesday. Please read the story entitled "Model Mill Town" on the outside of this issue of the JOURNAL.

Ald. Winfield R. Lang, Democratic candidate for the Legislature, has voted in the City Council this year against every measure demanded by the best interests of the City, and in favor of every measure condemned by the public. Do the voters of Woburn think Ald. Lang the right sort of a person to represent them in the Legislature?

The Whitney crowd bitterly denounce the Trusts, and in the same breath, clamor for free hides, which, it is a benefit to anybody, would be chiefly so to the Trusts.

As far as we can learn, the Woburn Democracy do not take Ald. Lang's candidacy for the Legislature seriously.

Be sure and vote for Eben S. Draper for Lieut. Governor.

Vote early and make sure of it.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

R. B. P. Co.—R. B. P. Co.
C. H. Caldwell—Water.
J. F. Maguire—Citation.
J. F. Maguire—Citation.
J. F. Maguire—Citation.
J. F. Maguire—Citation.
J. F. Maguire—Citation.
J. F. Maguire—Citation.

Vote for Guild and Draper.

Vote for Riley and Shackford.

Vote early and make sure of it.

Don't forget the Harvest Supper in the Baptist vestry Nov. 9.

—Guild and Draper will be elected by a big majority. Stick a pin there!

—W. R. C. 84 will hold one of their enjoyable whist parties on Nov. 13.

—Brooks's Woburna Lotion is a popular remedy, as the daily sales of it prove.

—The Hammond & Son Co. are selling prime overcoats at remarkably low figures.

—The Woburn Workers held their first meeting of the season yesterday afternoon.

—E. Gerry Barker, Jr., and Fred Dow have returned to their homes in the South.

—Read Cadwell's notice of his pure spring water. Sales of it are increasing right along.

—The membership of Post 33 G. A. R. now numbers 25. Death is thinning their ranks.

—October passed away in splendid style last Tuesday. It was one of the finest days of the season.

—The High School prize statutory from the Herald is to be temporarily placed in the Public Library.

—Miss Edith Whitmore, President of the Woman's Health Club of Massachusetts, was in town Monday.

—Don't forget the concert and ball tonight, to be given by the South End Social Club, at the Auditorium.

—Crovo has the largest variety and finest grapes offered for sale in the city. They are sweet, juicy and luscious.

—The Sunday train which leaves Boston at 10:15 p. m. now runs to Lowell, leaving Woburn at 10:48 p. m.

—George W. Copp's homemade, pure, unadulterated ginger stands at the head. Call at 177 Burlington st.

Next Monday there is to be a great fox hunt in Bedford. James E. Boutwell will be on hand, and don't you forget it.

Applications for first-class domestic are being put up at Mrs. Jennings's Agency 419 Main street. She is doing her best to meet them with the right kind of help.

—The Pierce Drug Co., successors to the Robbins Drug Co., 417 Main street, tell an interesting story in the JOURNAL this week. Clarence A. Pierce, head of the Company, is an expert chemist, and one of the safest druggists in the State.

—Mr. Warren P. Fox died at his home, 637 Main street, Thursday morning, Nov. 2, 1905, aged about 76 years.

—Mr. Charles M. Marion, brother of Mr. E. P. Marion of this city died at his home in Burlington last Tuesday aged 65 years.

—Woburn Council, K. of C., are to play the Somerville Council at Somerville this evening in the K. of C. Bowling League.

—The Boston Amateur Pin League, which includes Towanda Club, will play their first game of the season next Wednesday evening.

—Mrs. George H. Hutchings and niece, were in the subway accident last week when two trains collided, but fortunately escaped without injury.

—Copeland & Bowser are doing a fine dry goods trade this fall. Ladies will find large and varied stocks at their store, and prices cheaper than in Boston.

—The Anti-Slavery League are preparing to do yeoman's service in the coming city election. They have proved themselves to be a power for good in past years.

—E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

—A Halloween party was given at the residence of Mr. Theodore C. Pierce on Lexington street on Tuesday evening, and young people from Bedford, Arlington, and Woburn were present and highly enjoyed it.

—Rev. Doremas Souder, D. D., former pastor, is to preach at the First Congregational church next Sunday. He is at the head of the Hawaiian Branch of the A. M. A., and is canvassing the States in his behalf.

—No reports reached this office of unruly doings by the boys and girls on Halloween. Some games were found askew on Wednesday morning, and there was quite a little hurling; but nothing serious or unbecomingly was done.

—Soon after next Tuesday the municipal campaign will open in this city in deal earnest. Signs point to a hot contest, the most strenuous yet fought to be done at the Democratic primaries. But we will not anticipate.

—Hon. E. D. Hayden, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Major Ambrose Bancroft and Capt. John P. Crane, members of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, attended a meeting of the Commandery at the American House, Boston, last Wednesday.

—Miss Hammond, the young lady recently elected to the faculty of the High School corps of teachers, and who has had an experience of nineteen years during which period she has proved eminently successful, has assumed her duties during the present week.

—The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist church will give a Harvest Supper in their vestry Thursday afternoon, Nov. 9, at 6:30. An old folk's entertainment will be given at 8 o'clock by "the ancient dames" and men of the last century. Supper and entertainment 25 cents. Entertainment, 10 cents. All cordially invited.

—Mr. Thomas Wilson, carriage manufacturer on Union street, has no reason to complain of a lack of patronage. Orders keep him busy all the time. The simple fact is, the man who does his job, charges fair prices, and fills his orders promptly, is a veritable trump to his rivals to find enough to do.

—It will be seen by referring to their announcement in this paper that the Trustees of the Bardeen Free Lecture Fund have secured the best talent in the country for the five free lectures to be given this fall and winter. The Course is to be opened by Rev. Mr. Dawson of England, the greatest lecturer on the British platform.

—At a meeting of the City Council last Monday evening an order for a loan of \$10,000 for refitting the Army was referred to Finance Committee. An appropriation of \$400 to cover and protect the finished walls of the new schoolhouse was made. Other appropriations amounting to \$6,100 were made. John J. Maguire, Albert C. Blaisdell and George E. Waters were drawn as jurors.

—Last Sunday morning, while the family were at church, Michael K. Murphy, 68 years of age, a Veteran of the Civil War, a carrier by trade, committed suicide by cutting his throat at his home 12 Davis street. He had shown signs of an unbalanced mind for some time, and to that condition the fatal act was, probably, due. He left a second wife, as was Mrs. Mc Ardle, and several stepchildren.

—At the semi-annual meeting of the St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society last week the following officers were elected, and were installed last evening: Spiritus Director, Rev. Henry A. Walsh; President, James F. McGovern; Vice President, Thos. F. E. McPartland; Recording Secretary, John H. Purcell; Financial Secretary, James E. Moehan; Treasurer, Neil J. Doherty; Trustees, James F. McGovern, Lawrence Brophy, Robert Corry.

—On Dec. 10 and 11 next the Boston Suffrage League are to celebrate the centennial of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison, the great Abolitionist. An appeal has been issued to the clergy of the United States by a subcommittee composed of Emory H. Scott of Woburn, and Charles H. Hall of Cambridge, to fittingly recognize the event by appropriate services on Sunday, Dec. 10. We will publish the appeal shortly.

—First Parish is to give a supper this evening in the church vestry, for which large preparation has been made by competent committees. The guests of honor are to be Doremas Souder, D. D., and wife of Honolulu, Hawaii; Mr. and Mrs. Ordway of Winchester; the latter a sister of Rev. Dr. Souder; Dr. Dunning, Editor of the Congregationalist. There is to be addresses; Miss Treacart will sing a solo or two, and other quartet will be furnished by the F. C. Quartet.

—Mr. F. Percival Lewis will give an organ recital in the near future at the Unitarian church. He will be aided by a popular vocalist.

—Mrs. Flora Bell Clark, wife of Warren E. Clark, died Thursday, Nov. 2, 1905, aged 53 years. Funeral at the First Baptist church, Stoneham, Mass., Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2 o'clock. Friends invited without further notice.

—A meeting was held in Boston last week by people connected with schools the object of which was to devise ways and means for the amelioration of the condition of superannuated teachers and to provide aid for them in their declining years. It was voted to organize an association for the purpose, and a large committee were chosen to formulate plans for future action. Superintendent George I. Clapp of the Woburn schools was made a member of the Committee.

—Miss Rachael and Master Malcolm Blodgett entertained 25 of their young friends at a pretty Halloween party at their home, 14 Mishawam Road, Tuesday from 5 to 7:30. None of the essentials which go to make up a successful Halloween were lacking, even the witches and spoons being present. The refreshment table was elegantly decorated with grotesquely carved pumpkins illuminated with electricity. Games were played and tricks tried, the finale being a huge bonfire.

—The drinking fountain recently purchased to take the place of the one long in use on Common street has been installed and placed in commission. It is not a perfect beauty, nor has the substantial appearance of the old granite one which it has replaced, but for practical purposes it appears to be about right. The pure Horn Pond water which it is to supply to a thirty public houses, and the plot reveals will be as good as sweet and enjoyable, as though the new fountain were a masterpiece of art.

—The wonder is that Candidate Lang didn't appeal to President Aylward of the City Council, of which he is a prominent member, for a certificate of good political character to take over to the Reading Democrats, instead of going to outsiders for help. A certificate from Aylward would be in the nature of an official endorsement; while Reading Democrats might at least acknowledge the coming from a high private in the Woburn Democratic ranks. Candidate Lang has a great many things to learn about politics.

—Considerable business of one kind and another was transacted at the meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening. Supt. Clapp's report of the condition and progress of the evening school was highly gratifying. The scholars have come to it to stay, apply themselves to study, and gain useful knowledge. It has been otherwise in former years. The school is a real power for good. The sum of \$25 was appropriated to defray the expenses of a conference of teachers on Nov. 23. Great harmony prevailed at the meeting.

—Candidate Lang for Representative has put his proposition into the show windows of some of the stores on Main street. Being a good looking young man it makes an attractive appearance, and doubtless increases the trade inside. The photo is supplemented by explanatory notes for the information of a highly interested public, and, incidentally, to increase his vote on election day. It is a good thing, however, that this modest display of the features of Candidate Lang will prove unavailing at the polls. Representative Riley, it is believed, will down Mr. Lang with perfect ease.

—Mr. Marshall Simonds, who died at his home on Pleasant street, this city, last Saturday, at the age of 80 years, gave by will nearly all of his reputed large estate to the town of Burlington. He first donated a piece of land for a park in the center of the town and provided liberally for its maintenance. The balance of the property owned by him—money, securities, land, etc.—was put into the hands of trustees, the income from which to be used for the benefit of the town by providing for the payment of municipal expenses; in other words, the entire estate, practically, goes as a gift to Burlington.

—Pictures of the old Middlesex canal locks on Canal street, now Arlington Road, as they appeared 40 years ago, now on exhibition at Whitehead's Busy Bend, are attracting a good deal of attention. They are still remembered when in a fair state of preservation, and not many years ago some of the ruins were in evidence. Whitehead's pictures revive recollections of ye olden times in Woburn. How many High School pupils can tell off hand when the Middlesex canal was built, and when it ceased to exist as a public waterway? How many can give the date of the opening of the Boston and Lowell Railroad? Of the opening of the Woburn Branch? Likewise, why the study of home history is given the glory for that of Greece and Rome a couple of thousand years ago?

—The sacred concert given under the auspices of the Woburn Council of the Knights of Columbus in the Auditorium last Sunday was one of the best and most enjoyable musical entertainments that has been given here in many seasons. The talent engaged in producing it was of a high order, and their performances, vocal and instrumental, were keenly appreciated and enthusiastically applauded by the large audiences of people that the Auditorium has accommodated in recent years. The Elmwood Orchestra, composed of five talented sons and daughters of Mr. James F. McGovern, were a leading feature of the concert, the instruments employed being 2 violins, 2 cornets and a piano, in the hands of which the young people showed marked proficiency. They gave several popular selections, all of which were enthusiastically received and enjoyed. Besides the Orchestra there were a dozen, or more, numbers on the programme, more than half of which were executed by Boston artists, the others being taken by Cambridge, Dorchester, Woburn and Woburn performers. The reader was Miss Susan Leona White of Boston; the Jester, Joe Roth; the illusionist, Ethel Wright; and Miss M. E. Maloney of

Woburn gave some splendid selections on the violin. As remarked, the Auditorium was filled with an appreciative and highly delighted audience; and the concert was a great and gratifying success. Mr. Thomas J. McColgan courteously took good care of the local press.

School Census.

After many continuous years of faithful and efficient service as School Census Taker of Woburn Mr. Thomas Mulken can be implicitly relied on to find, obtain and correctly record the name and age of every child in this city, and do the work quickly and at less expense than any other man. Equally, he can be trusted to enlarge the number each successive year, keeping square up with the Federal and State Census, and increasing the necessity for more schoolroom.

Mr. Mulken is not only conscientious in the discharge of his responsible duty, as census enumerator, and prides himself on the accuracy of his reports, but his long experience has given him a wonderful knowledge of families, which enables him to perform the task more speedily and thoroughly than it would be possible for anyone else to do.

This year, contrary to the general belief, Mr. Mulken's census report shows a small increase of pupils over last year, showing that the work was thoroughly done by him.

The following is his report by Wards, and the total of the city:

Ward 1 652

2 715

3 616

4 510

5 340

6 355

7 210

Number under 5 years, 3888

between 15 and 16, 239

Total, 5223

Increase over 1904, 10.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

The "Lion and the Mouse" which now holds the Park Theatre, Boston, has proved the greatest dramatic success that the New England stage has known in a long time, and the large audiences which are attracted there are a tribute to the appreciation which the public always has for a dramatic work of the highest, most absorbing type when acted by a company of excellent players. The production of this play, "The Lion and the Mouse" makes a distinct innovation in the development of the American drama, for Charles Klein, the author, has taken up a phase of national life which has never before been utilized for stage treatment, and which proves of intense interest as a result. He has taken up the story of the king of the country, a type of the financiers who manipulate the destinies of the nation, and made him one of the central figures of the plot, stern in his attitude to all, even to his wife and children, and relentless towards his enemies. The other vital element is a young and beautiful daughter of the king who is being driven to the wall with impeachment and disgrace as the result of the righteous decision against the king's sin.

To save his honor and his life, the daughter enlists her services against this relentless financial giant, and the plot reveals the struggle of two keen brains for the mastery. New England should bear in mind that the play will be seen nowhere else in this vicinity, as the production will be transferred to New York City immediately after the engagement at the Park Theatre.

CASTLE SQUARE.

William Gillette's play of the Civil War, "Secret Service," is one of the most stirring and dramatic dealing with that crucial period in American history. It comes to the Castle Square Theatre next week, and its representation of the scenes of actual warfare, of the exciting moments in a spy life, and of the softer emotions of love and human sympathy, will be as moving and convincing as they were when the play was first produced some eight years ago. "Secret Service" has always pleased the audience, and its return to the stage will be warmly welcomed. The play will be cast by the company of the Castle Square, the audience being given a glimpse of the life of the Civil War period. The leading parts in "Secret Service" will be played by John Craig and Florence Kahn. It will be followed a week from Monday by "The Sword of the King."

New Enterprise.

The company which has bonded and purchased several lots of land in the southwestern part of the city, and is opening up business early in the spring.

Product of the business will be stone for the trimming of buildings, for paving and sidewalks, and bricks for general purposes. These latter will be made by a new process from sand and shale. For the purpose of this company, a special quality of sand was required and has been secured.

Engineers commenced surveys of the property about a month ago; tests have been made by geologists and chemists, and the results have proved so satisfactory that the land was immediately bonded or purchased outright.

Tests have been made to determine the depth of the soil and subsoil of sand, the latter of which seems to cover about the whole territory of the deal. Over this property have been dug test holes, some 10 feet deep which are now being utilized for the purpose of determining the depth of the soil and subsoil of sand, the latter of which seems to cover about the whole territory of the deal. Over this property have been dug test holes, some 10 feet deep which are now being utilized for the purpose of determining the depth of the soil and subsoil of sand, the latter of which seems to cover about the whole territory of the deal.

Lodge groups out in many places, in fact the great mountain is largely of granite, and the company an almost endless quantity of granite, and the limits of this purchase are up to the Greenough and Brooks estates, on or near Garfield Ave., Lake Warren Fowle and the Saville property, towards Green St. and run to and along Holton St. into Winchester, and includes the Schneider farm formerly the Oton place, which is southerly from Holton St. and bounds easterly on the line of the Boston & Maine railroad.

Other purchases were from the Morrill Wyman estate, in said County of Middlesex, and from the estate of Elizabeth Holton and Eliza Holton, in Winchester, and includes the Schneider farm formerly the Oton place, which is southerly from Holton St. and bounds easterly on the line of the Boston & Maine railroad.

Finished material will be shipped thru the supply the trade and contractors. Much of the material is covered with forest, showing a rich soil, although the land is in a wooded condition.

Over this rural spot thousands have roamed, little thinking that beneath their feet lay a treasure of granite, and that the land was in a wooded condition.

The alarm from box 25 at 1:05 Monday afternoon was for a fire in the Woburn Plain street. The alarm from box 25 at 1:05 Monday afternoon was for a fire in the Woburn Plain street. The alarm from box 25 at 1:05 Monday afternoon was for a fire in the Woburn Plain street.

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MONDAY, Nov. 6th
2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

Velox Paper.
—ON—
DEMONSTRATION

Mitchell's PILLS
BOX

You are invited to bring a negative and see a print made on the Velox Paper. It is the most reliable and most suitable for your use.

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 131-2 Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over \$700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

IT'S OUR DUTY

To please the public. We take their money and "Justice" requires full value in exchange. We do this and go beyond it in our new stock of

JEWELRY

that we now invite you to see. Careful manipulation in buying, discounting our bills, and increase of sales, explains it all. Examine or price any article and it will convince you.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

A Tea Set Free!

Did You Save The Book Left At Your House?

Bring it to OUR STORE and if the number thereon corresponds with the number on either of the TEA SETS, IT IS YOURS.

We do not even require you to make a purchase.

The PIERCE DRUG CO.,

Successors to Robbins Drug Co.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

We Cut Prices and Save You Money on Drugstore Goods. Public Telephone. Goods Delivered Promptly by Messenger. Free of Expense.

FREE PUBLIC LECTURES IN THE CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund

Founded Oct. 7, 1892 by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation.—John W. Johnson, Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, E. Maria Bean, John G. Maguire, L. Waldo Thompson, William Beggs, Frances W. Hill, J. F. DeLozier.

SEASON OF 1905-6.

The lectures given by this fund are free to the public, but no one will be admitted to the hall except upon presentation of a ticket.

Application cards for tickets can be obtained by mail only. Applicants for cards must enclose addressed and stamped envelope. The cards must be properly filled out and returned to the Committee by mail, with a stamped and addressed envelope, not later than Friday Nov. 18, 1905.

Tickets will not be issued to children, but parents in applying for tickets may request that one of them admit a minor child (naming such child), and a special ticket may, in such case, be given to the parent which will admit to the hall such child if accompanied with the parent. Except upon presentation of such special ticket no children will be admitted to these lectures.

As these lectures will be of such a character as will not interest the children, the committee will issue but a very limited number of these tickets, thus allowing a larger number of available seats for the older applicants.

A limited number of Special Tickets for each separate lecture, commonly called "rush" tickets, will be issued in the same manner as the regular tickets (by mail) and may be applied for any time prior to seven days before the particular lecture to which the applicant may wish to attend. These tickets will entitle the holder to any vacant seat after 7:30 p. m., or 5 minutes before the commencement of the lecture.

The course of the 13th season will consist of 5 lectures as follows:

Tuesday, November 28, 1905. Rev. W. J. Dawson, of London Subject: "Sir Walter Raleigh"

Tuesday, December 5, 1905. Dr. Newell D. Hillis Subject: "John Ruskin's Message to the Twentieth Century"

Monday, Dec. 18, 1905. P. S. Henson, D. D. Subject: "Grimm's Fairy Tales"

Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1906. Dr. John C. Bowker Subject: "Japans"

Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1906. Mrs. Harriett Bishop Waters Subject: "Story of the Early Missionaries"

The Course will be held in Lyceum Hall.

Doors open at 7:30 P. M. Lectures begin at 8 P. M.

Address all communications to the Burbeen Lecture Committee, Woburn, Mass. 2, Woburn, Nov. 2, 1905

C. E. SMITH,
Real Estate and Mortgages.

Repairs on Real Estate a specialty. Property Cared For. Rents Collected.

Office 439 Main Street. Opp. Central House

STOP AND THINK!

DO NOT BE MISLED BY FALSE PROPHETS.

Pres. Roosevelt on Political Integrity.

Above all we should treat with a peculiarly contemptuous abhorrence the man who, in a spirit of sheer cynicism, debauches either our business life or our political life.—President Roosevelt at Atlanta, Ga., Friday, Oct. 20, 1905.

THE LATE GOV. RUSSELL, DEMOCRAT

ON

Henry M. Whitney's Methods.

"If I had been Governor of this Commonwealth, I would under the circumstances disclosed by the investigation, have vetoed that bill (the Henry M. Whitney West End Bill) as quickly as I could have put pen to paper. For I hold that it is far more important to guard sacredly the purity of legislation and to rebuke the lobby than that any measure of merit should be hastened in its passage. I hold that one of the highest duties of the Governor of the Commonwealth is to protect its fair name from legislative scandal and to protect the people from the improper control of legislation by secret influences."

THE SUPREME COURT OF MASS.

ON

Henry M. Whitney's Methods.

"The practice of procuring members of the Legislature to act under the influence of what they have eaten and drunk at houses of entertainment tends to render those of them who yield to such influences wholly unfit to act in such cases. They are disqualified from acting fairly toward interested parties or toward the public. The tendency and object of these influences are to obtain by corruption what it is supposed cannot be obtained fairly." (6 Allen, 159.)

HENRY M. WHITNEY SAYS:

"I freely admit giving the dinners and making use of the lobby. * * *

VOTE FOR Men who stand for the prosperity of 1905 and NOT for those who advocate Free Trade! Remember the hard times of 1893-4 which followed Democratic tariff revision.

VOTE FOR Men whose public records are clean and who will represent the high ideals which Massachusetts requires of public men.

VOTE FOR GUILD AND DRAPER.

The Republican State Committee, Thomas Talbot, Chairman, William M. Flanders, Secretary.

Literary Notices.

The November McClure's begins a new volume with the opening chapters of two great new series and a big Kipling story, which promise the magazine's continuance as torch-bearer in public affairs and the leader of excellence in present day literature. In this number Carl Schurz begins his "Reminiscences," the life story of a patriot-soldier-statesman author. Ray Stannard Baker, with "The Railroad Rate," opens his series of articles on the greatest national perplexity. Last of the articles in November is the second half of Charles F. Lummis's breezy story "Pioneer Transportation in America," the epic of the heroic age of travel which waited till now for a writer. Kipling's most remarkable story is "With the Night Mail." Another story in this number that stands strongly out is "The Last Love-Feast," a tale of the French Commune which focuses in a terrible brief, dramatic moment every human passion. It is splendidly illustrated by Castaigne. The Lottery of Death, is a true story of the Civil War's most appalling episode. In sharp contrast to all this stress of emotion is "An Eye for an Eye," a dainty little tale of hot blood and young hearts told in the sweet patois of Louisiana. Cajan. There are besides stories by Samuel Hopkins Adams, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Jean Webster and others.

President Roosevelt's Third Term is the title of an interesting article by Herbert Young in DONAHUE'S MAGAZINE, in which he discusses many vital issues in national government. Susan Gavan Duffy has a charming paper on the celebration "The Fate Des Vignerons" in Vevy; and Beatrice Ostion writes of Thanksgiving Day in New England. The Autumn Drama is the subject of the monthly dramatic review by the Rev. John Talbot Smith. Philip J. McKenna tells of the organization of the Catholic order of Foresters; and J. Angus MacDonnell describes the recent celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Francis Xavier's College. Other notable contributions are "The Ninth in the Civil War" and "The Jolly Monk"—the latter a timely and forceful protest against the grossly insulting pictures exhibited in shop windows. The Glamour of a Queen, by Frances Maitland, is concluded, and Not a Judgment is reaching the final chapter. Anne Elizabeth O'Hare in The Interpreter has produced one of the best short stories of the year. To Avoid the Curse, by Ben Hurst; and Four kinds of a Wretch, by Marion Brunow, are other short stories that add much to the interest of the November number.

"I Thank the Lord!"

cried Hannah Plant, of Little Rock, Ark., for the relief I got from Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured my fearful running sores, which nothing else would heal, and from which I had suffered for 5 years. It is a marvelous healer for cuts, burns and wounds. Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 25c.

The Haverhill Gazette calls the debate between George Fred Williams and Henry M. Whitney one upon ancient history. Yes, it may be ancient, but not so ancient that the memory of man runneth not back. It is history that the Democratic candidate would be glad to have omitted from the campaign this year.

The Lowell Daily Courier observes that H. M. Whitney has been chiefly notable for telling the Republicans what they ought to do to boom the Whitney interests in Canada at the expense of the farmers and manufacturers of New England.

WINCHESTER.

Mr. W. Tuck, Democrat, is at it again. He is hot on the track of Dr. McCarthy, the Democratic candidate for Senator. Tuck is a person that makes life worth living in Winchester.

Complaint is made of the conduct of ill-mannered boys at the football games on Manchester Field. If they can't behave themselves decently they should be made to "walk the plank."

The people of this town are unanimous in rendering a verdict in favor of "golden October" just ended. They declare that the month was richly entitled to the name "Golden," for never was a finer one vouchsafed in this latitude. It has been simply royal from start to finish, and everybody has enjoyed it.

Rev. Henry J. Madden, rector of St. Mary's church here, and St. Joseph's church at Montvale, has started in on a "No License" campaign for Woburn, and will do good work. In former campaigns he has been a power in making votes for "No License," and no doubt his influence for temperance will be equally productive this year in defeating the Rum power.

A writer of an article in the Star, who signs himself "A Sufferer," indirectly criticizes our Board of Health for permitting the filthy refuse of the Woburn tanneries to continue to pollute the atmosphere of this town. Our Board is composed of intelligent men who have the interests of the town at heart and are not slow to promote them. The Woburn Board have, it is said, attended to Russell Brook, and the work at this end may well be left in the hands of ours.

A Disastrous Calamity.

It is a disastrous calamity, when you lose your health, because indigestion and constipation have appeared it away. Prompt relief can be had in Dr. King's New Life Pills. They build up your digestive organs, and cure headache, dizziness, colic, constipation, etc. Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 25c.

Political Notes.

Who do you want to revise the tariff for you, your own party or the Democratic party?

Guild will sweep the state and bring back the honor lost in the Democratic boom of last fall.—Lawrence American.

The Salem News suspects that Henry M. Whitney must be a Boston Elevated man first and a Democrat afterwards.

The Democratic party in this state has the big stick this year. What they are stuck on is how to elect their candidates.

The East Boston Advocate remarks that George Fred Williams does not seem willing to support his old college chum, Henry M. Whitney.

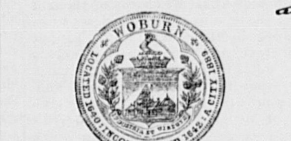
Mr. Whitney is said to be very anxious to get to work in the campaign. He surely has a lot of gas on tap that he must dispose of somehow.

The Barnstable Patriot thinks Guild and Draper should receive at least 40,000 plurality. Let good old Cape Cod do its duty, according to this prediction.

The Northampton Daily Hampshire Gazette feels that George Fred Williams has friends all over the State and that they will be heard from in the voting of next month.

The Haverhill Gazette says that, according to the signs of the day, the Democratic ticket is of the kangaroo order. The hind legs are expected to do all the jumping.

CITY OF WOBURN.



CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, Oct. 16, 1906.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 212, Chapter 11, Revised Laws, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY,

The Seventh Day of November A. D. 1905,

in the following places namely:

WARD 1. Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main Street.

WARD 2. Armory, Montvale Ave., entrance opposite Prospect Street.

WARD 3. Auditorium, Montvale Avenue, entrance opposite Prospect Street.

WARD 4. Auditorium, Montvale Avenue, entrance opposite Prospect Street.

WARD 5. Porter House House, Thorn Street.

WARD 6. Vilette House House, Main Street.

WARD 7. Cummings House House, Willow Street.

The Polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney-General, Councilor, Senator, two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, Register of Probate and Insolvency (to fill vacancies).

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Orders left at F. P. Brooks's drugstore will be promptly attended to.

C. H. CADWELL, Woburn.

That Old Piano

will be taken in exchange as part payment for a new Ivers & Pond if you desire. We will gladly examine it and place an allowance value on it, balance to be paid in monthly payments if preferred. We have a hundred second-hand pianos ranging in price from \$50 to \$300, all fully warranted, and to be sold at bargain prices. Monthly payments as low as \$3. Our list of bargains mailed free. Write us today.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
114 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON.

WILLIAM FREDERICK DAVIS, JR.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

605, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

EVENING OFFICE AT

National Bank Building,

Woburn, Mass.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Call of Abraham."

12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

12 M., Sunday School.

At 4:30 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

7:30 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon. Fall vested choir.

Everybody cordially invited.

Rev. Frederick W. Brockman, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Subject: "The Temptations of Jesus."

12 M., Sunday School.

7:30 P. M., Epworth League.

7:30 P. M., preaching by pastor, A. T. D. Inquirer.

(Ladies' Quartet will sing.)

Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by Dr. Doremas Souder. Subject: "The Mid-Pacific Opportunity."

Sunday School at 12 M.

8:45 P. M., Christian Endeavor.

T. F. M., Character Study—"Saul, the Kingly Man."

Music by the Chorus under lead of Prof. Plancou. Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTISTS.—Services in Five Cent Savings Bank Building, Room 15, every Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject: "Morals and Immorality."

Sunday School for the Children at 11:45 A. M. Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7:45.

The Reading Room is open from 2:30 to 4:30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Man's Unconsciousness

is often as great as woman's. But Thos. S. Austin, M. D., of the "Republican," of Leavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonable, when he refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife, for female trouble. "Instead," he says, "we concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was then so sick, she could hardly leave her bed, and five (5) physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters, she was perfectly cured, and can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co.'s druggists. Price 50c.

GEORGE EDWARD PIERCE,

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Night and Day Calls will receive 1 Prompt Attention.

635 Main Street, WOBURN

71 Haven Street, READING

TELEPHONE 23-3 Woburn.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 1, by Rev. H. B. Williams, Carl Nelson of Woburn and Lella Greenleaf of Woburn.

In Boston, Oct. 30, by Rev. Henry E. Murray, Nell Lebo McMillan of Woburn and Grace Beatrice Madden of Boston, Charlestown Dist.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 27, Robert Thomas Spencer, aged 68 years.

In this city, Oct. 28, Harry Stevenson, only son of Jas. and the late Henry McDermott, aged 27 years, 2 months, 10 days.

In this city, Oct. 28, Marshall Simonds, aged 51 years, 1 month.

In this city, Oct. 29, Michael Murphy, aged 47 years, 4 months, 24 days.

In this city, Oct. 29, Martin B. Peterson, aged 44 years, 2 months.

In this city, Oct. 31, Phoebe McClellan, aged 72 years, 7 months.

In this city, Oct. 31, Eliza W. Westworth, aged 68 years, 10 months.

In Burlington, Oct. 31, Charles Edward Marion, aged 69 years, 2 months, 10 days.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

WOBURN

MISS DORA A. WINN

WILL RESUME

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

October 1, 1905.

6 Highland Street Woburn

MISS BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

October 30, 1905.

12 Franklin St., Woburn

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

MRS. ANNIE S. LEWIS

MR. F. PERCYAL LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

1 Maxwell Road, cor. Mystic Ave.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

Unitarian Vestry, Woburn, Saturdays, 10-12, 2-4.

Woburn Woman's Club.

Whist Party

The Woburn Woman's Club will have a Whist Party in

LYCEUM HALL,

Friday Afternoon, Nov. 10.

AT 3 O'CLOCK.

A large attendance is desired, as the proceeds are for a worthy cause.

By order of Committee.

HEATING BY

HOT WATER

(As this advantage over other methods of circulating artificial heat. It can be run ANYWHERE and is NOT NECESSARY to put the heater down into a cellar to in force the water to circulate. With heater and radiators on the same level it will work satisfactorily if properly installed. HOT WATER HEATING has other advantages: ECONOMY OF FUEL, EASE OF MANAGEMENT AND DURABILITY.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1905.

RILEY AND SHACKFORD.

The election last Tuesday resulted in hardly anything more gratifying than the election of Herbert S. Riley of Woburn, and George A. Shackford of Reading, to represent this District in the Legislature next year. Both received handsome support from the Republican voters of the District, and well deserved it. Mr. Riley has already served two terms in the House to the entire satisfaction of his constituents; while Mr. Shackford was elected for his first legislative experience.

The Journal, last week, confidently predicted the election of Riley and Shackford, and defeat of Lang and Flint, the Democratic candidates. The Journal told Lang that he was not considered seriously as a candidate for the House, and that, if he were wise, he would withdraw from the race. He declined to act on good advice, persisted in running, and was badly used up at the polls.

The Republicans of the District are well satisfied with the election of Riley and Shackford as members of the next Legislature, and the signal defeat of the Democratic candidates.

A LONG FELT WANT.

What the Republicans of this State sorely need and ought to have without delay is an organ established in Boston. They haven't had one since O'Meara descended from the Editorial tripod, and have suffered accordingly.

If our information is reliable, there isn't a Republican newspaper in Boston — we certainly do not know of one; and such poverty of mediums through which to disseminate sound political doctrine is far from being creditable to the Republican Party.

No richer field for the establishment and publication of a live, wide-awake, and able Republican paper can be found anywhere than Boston offers; and, considering the importance and real necessity of a central organ of the kind that the Party have tried so long to keep house without one.

STATE ELECTION.

The Republicans achieved a sweeping and brilliant victory in this State last Tuesday. Guild and Draper were triumphantly elected.

The most gratifying result of the contest was the election of Eben S. Draper, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, against whom the guns of the enemy had been trained for weeks. Had he not been weighed down and obliged to carry burdens that did not belong to him to carry, he would have emerged from the fight at the head of the ticket.

But the Republican State Committee, the Republican Club, and his friends, did the handsome thing by him, and Draper, one of the most deserving of the candidates, won.

Good enough!

READER THAN EVER.

Reciprocity is beaten in the Republican State convention, and utterly routed at the State election last Tuesday, the champions of Reciprocity, Whitney and Foss, might as well hang up their fiducial for good.

For several years past Secretary of State Olin has caused to be published, and the Commonwealth has paid for it, a list of candidates to be voted for on the election day next succeeding the publication, in a Democratic newspaper in Woburn — a paper that has constantly opposed his election, and the person of which has always voted the Democratic ticket, including Secretary of State; while the JOURNAL the only Republican paper in this city, a paper that never balks, always a hearty and cheerful supporter of the Republican ticket, including Secretary Olin, is obliged to worry along and do the best it can for a living without Secretary Olin's help. That may be all right and consistent, but it looks queer.

Before election a good deal was heard about a "Guild and Whitney" ticket in this city. There was nothing in it. After election it was found that Draper got 25 more votes than Guild, something that occurred in no other voting precinct in the State, except Hopkinton. Woburn Republicans are all right.

Whitney, the defeated Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, is asking for a recount of the votes at last Tuesday's election. A plea for a recount is a white in action. Why don't Whitney step up and take his medicine like a little man.

The greatest surprise of all was the election of John B. Moran to the office of District Attorney for Suffolk and Norfolk counties.

Jerome, the Reform and anti-Tammany candidate for District Attorney in Greater New York, won his election hands down.

The Reform candidates in Philadelphia were elected by 50,000 majority.

LOCAL NEWS.

E. F. Johnson—Clifton. E. F. Johnson—Clifton. Board of Registration—Notice. Unitarian Church—Main Show. Sons of Veterans—Down in Dixie.

Yesterday was another beautiful autumn day.

The Democrats worked like beavers on election day.

Another smart rainstorm visited this locality last Monday.

Gage & Co. are turning out some nobby suits this fall.

The sons of Veterans are to give "Down in Dixie" in Lyceum Hall on Nov. 22.

Democratic caucuses for the city election will be held on the evening of Nov. 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Johnson accompanied their son, Rev. Frank P. Johnson of New Orleans, to New York last week.

"Down in Dixie"—tickets on sale on and after Nov. 15 at Brooks's drug-store.

The Sons of Veterans held a special meeting last evening to discuss and act on matters of importance.

Baldwin Council, R. A., is to be visited by Deputy A. W. Russell on next Monday evening, Nov. 13.

The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold the Trull Estate No. 111 Montvale Ave. to James A. Yate who buys for occupancy.

Mr. Warren N. Blake and family have returned from a long and pleasant visit at Theford, Vt., to their home on Abbott street, this city.

Mr. Patrick Curran, who has been out of health for some months, has made his appearance on the streets again, and is looking quite hearty.

Last Tuesday was about the quietest election day that has ever been experienced in this city. But for the Representative contest it would have been a dull affair.

Mr. Ralph F. Goddard, of the insurance firm of S. B. Goddard & Son, has been doing some successful prairie, and other shooting in New Hampshire lately.

Clarence Pierce, the druggist declares on his honor that the public have no just cause to complain of Woburn highways. He made a special inspection of them a few days ago.

Mr. James T. Newcomb, the Civil War Veteran, and one of our most highly respected citizens, had a severe attack of illness last week, but is now much better and will soon be out again.

Judge George S. Littlefield of Winchester, the champion bowler of Eastern Middlesex, visited Towanda Club last Monday evening. The Club held one of its agreeable and popular smokers.

Thanksgiving Day will reach here two weeks from yesterday, Nov. 30. Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, is to preach the sermon at the union meeting to be held in the Swedish Lutheran meeting house.

The story is current that Mr. Marshall Simonds, who died here last week left an estate valued at \$150,000. As the bulk of it goes to the town of Burlington, his native place, the good people of that burg hope the report is true.

The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church held their Harvest Supper and Old Folks Concert, in costume, last evening. There was a large number present, and every number on the program was greatly enjoyed by all.

A children's minstrel show is to be given in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Tuesday evening, Nov. 28, to which the price of admission is to be 25 cents. A cakewalk will be one of the specialties. Miss Mabel Davis is the Director.

Every namable child of candy is of the best and purest quality is purchasable at Crawford's popular and liberally patronized store at prices that defy successful competition. Crawford's leads in the manufacture and sale of choice candies, in all its varied forms.

The 63d anniversary of the birth of Mr. William C. C. Colgate, a Veteran of the Civil War; the 40th anniversary of his marriage to Mary Emeline Martin; and the wedding of his daughter Eulalia to Mr. Horace Brynston; were celebrated in a quiet way last Sunday, Nov. 5.

The interior of the Linnell market is being put into fine trim for the approaching holidays. Painters and others are at work making the rooms still brighter and more attractive, and when Manager James Linnell gets them all filled up with Thanksgiving turkeys it will be a treat to visit them.

Mr. Elliot F. Trull, son of the late lamented S. Frankfort Trull, has been a valued clerk in the Boston Office of the New England Mutual Life Insurance, of which his father was the faithful Treasurer for a long period, for the last 14 years. He is "a chip of the old block," faithful, true and industrious.

Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenson, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church, and the committee embrace this method of thanking the Woburn merchants for their liberal donations to the church fair recently held, and the public for a generous patronage of the same. The fair was a social and financial success.

In the line of artistic painting Mr. William H. Slater takes the lead in this city. In sign painting he is an expert, and many of the best specimens of it seen on the streets are the products of his brush. Unlike many others in the business, he uses honest materials, which, with his skill, accounts for his popularity as a workman.

Mr. Fred E. Cottle, President of the Cattle Leasing Co. of this city, son of the late E. C. Cottle, has bought one of the finest pieces of residence property in Winchester, which, after about Dec. 1, he is to make his future home. Mr. Cottle is a wealthy man and excellent citizen, and his removal will prove a serious loss to Woburn.

The Board of Public Works and the City Council held a meeting last Monday evening. Nothing of much public interest was done at either, the transactions being mostly of a routine order. Some legal questions came up and were referred to Solicitor Norris, which reminds the reporter to remark that Solicitor Norris appears to be earning his salary this year.

Mr. George Durward, proprietor of one of the best provision markets in this city, furnished the hams for the Orthodox supper last Friday night, and Estabrook, the boss baker, boiled them. To say that they were royal eating would be drawing it a great deal wider (to employ a linguistic chestnut) than the actual facts warranted. They were a dish fit for a king to sup on.

Mr. Fred W. Ruggles, of the firm of Ruggles & Turnbull, proprietors of Lookaway Inn at Pine Point, on the Maine coast, has been visiting Woburn, his former home, of late. He has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor at their home 23 Pleasant street; Lookaway Inn has been a favorite seaside summer resort, and does a fine business every season. We can vouch for the statement that they catch fine lobsters there.

Rev. Dr. Scudder left Boston yesterday for Connecticut, in many of the cities and large towns of which State he is to preach and talk for three weeks in behalf of the A. M. A. From thence he goes to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, before striking into the Middle West, on his way to the Pacific Coast. He is preaching and lecturing for and under the direction of the A. M. A., and expects to return to his home and permanent field of labor in Honolulu at the close of the present year.

Favorable weather prevailed on election day, that is to say, according to the old rule, it was favorable for the Republicans, who appear to better advantage and poll a larger vote when fair weather and gentle airs are prevailing; while the Democrats work harder, when cold storms rage, rain pours, and old Boreas has the management of the weather. It was cloudy last Tuesday, and a northeast wind tackled the narrow a trifle too strenuously for real comfort at times; but on the whole, no complaint could be fairly urged against the election day weather.

First church did nobly for the Home Missionary cause last Sunday morning in response to a stirring address by Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, the Missionary Secretary of Honolulu, Hawaii. The offertory yielded the handsome sum of \$227 in cash, and pledges which brought the total up to \$300, the counting of which must have proved pleasing to Dr. Scudder, especially as the money and pledges came freely from his former parishioners.

When the choir sang to mission the first church of Woburn (A. D. 1642) can be relied on every time for a generous contribution.

Miss Sarah W. Chamberlain has a fine Sunday School Class at the Montvale Congregational church. She takes a lively interest in the affairs of the church, and is one of its most efficient workers. Her S. S. Class have recently organized a Club, and are just now employed in making comfortable for sailors. The officers of the Club are: Miss Doris Pike, President; Miss Lois Young, Vice-President; Miss Daisy Kimball, Secretary; Mrs. McPherson, Treasurer; Miss Ethel Lord, Mrs. Minnie Warren, Miss Ida Johnson, Miss Grace McDowell, Miss May Philbrick, Lookout Committee.

On Thursday, Nov. 2 instant, Mrs. Charles Taylor plucked "the last rose of summer left blooming alone" from a bush on her home lawn, 23 Pleasant street, and took it in to the cold. It was a beautiful and fragrant specimen of the "Jack" rose as June ever produced, and a wonder, considering the date of its blooming. On the next day, Nov. 3, Mr. George Buchanan, an ardent lover of Nature's sweet and handsome productions, picked the last flower remaining in his late brilliant and beautiful beds, and presented it to the Editor as a token of friendship and goodwill. It is, indeed, seldom that flowers are gathered from outdoor bushes so late in the season "Golden October" did it.

People of intelligence and education who have scanned the published list of lecturers in the Burbeon Course for 1905 pronounce it the finest array of platform ability that has ever appeared before a Woburn audience. The numerous and warm commendations of last season's Course acted strongly in inducing the Trustees of the Fund not only to repeat the experiment of fraternal lectures so successfully tried last year, but to improve upon it as far as possible and employ the best talent for this season that money could procure. Each of the lecturers engaged belongs to the high price grade, the Trustees believing that the best is none too good for the large number of cultivated people who are content in their attendance on the annual courses.

Marked honors were paid to the memory of Warren Parker Fox, who died on Nov. 2, at the funeral held on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 5. It was attended by many people who had known and respected the deceased in his lifetime, who manifested their appreciation of his virtues by contributing numerous beautiful floral offerings. The religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Henry B. Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church; Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church; and Rev. Daniel March, D. D., the Quartet of First church sang three appropriate pieces. The pallbearers were John R. Carter, Frank B. French, Frank B. Richardson and Fred J. Brown. The Tripps, undertakers, had charge of the funeral.

Lying prostrate on a truck at the Woburn office of the American Express Co. last Saturday morning was the finest specimen of Maine's forest game that has been shipped here this season. It was a big fat doe, a victim of the trusty rifle, the marksman's craft, the keen eye and iron nerve of Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., of this city, a trophy that any bold hunter might well feel proud of, broils, roasts and bakes in a twinkling, and is as sweet morsel under the tongue of many a worthy dweller in this city.

Mr. Preston is a sportsman of rare qualities. He learned the hunter's skill, in his youth, while, with gun and dog, sweeping over the broad, game laden prairies of Nebraska, and his tuition then, and experience since, stand him in good play as he roams the primeval forests of Maine for deer.

Rev. Fr. Walsh of St. Charles church thinks the South End Social Club are about right, and nobody will dispute the statement that it is a good thing when he sees it. It is a good Club, composed of clean, temperate, honest young men, and it deserves encouragement and support. The dancing party given by the Club last Friday evening was a fine affair, and a great success from all points of view. The hall was filled with handsomely dressed and fine mannered people; the music was excellent; and everything passed off in the smoothest possible style. The following were the Floor Managers: John Dunnington, Floor Director; Frank M. Doherty, Assistant; Aids, William Abert, William Keating, Philip Wall, Charles McCaskey, Charles McGourty, Edward McLaughlin, Eugene Sullivan, Frank Sullivan, Frank McDewitt, Thomas Gilgan, Henry Hunzwell, and Edward O'Donnell.

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Mitchell's PILLS

Sole Manufacturer

Should now be in your house. The ONE Remedy for clapped hands and rough skin.

25c. a Bottle.

Rose Glycerine Lotion

A BOTTLE OF

S. B. GODDARD & SON

ESTABLISHED 1884

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BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

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Telephone 121-2 Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over \$700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

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HAVE YOU TRIED

Our Special 5c. Perfecto Cigar?

Equal in Flavor and Tobacco to any advertised 10c. Cigar on the market. Also, our clear HAVANA 5c. straight, and 10c., 3 for 25c. will please you. A fine line of Cigarettes, Pipes, and Smokers' Articles.

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Successors to Robbins Drug Co.

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We Cut Prices and Save You Money on Drugstore Goods.

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FREE PUBLIC LECTURES IN THE CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund

Founded Oct. 7, 1892 by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation.—John W. Johnson, Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, E. Maria Bean, John G. Maguire, L. Waldo Thompson, William Boggs, Frances W. Hill, J. F. DeLoria.

SEASON OF 1905-6.

The lectures given by this fund are free to the public, but no one will be admitted to the hall except upon presentation of a ticket.

Application cards for tickets can be obtained by mail only. Applicants for cards must enclose addressed and stamped envelope. The cards must be properly filled out and returned to the Committee by mail, with a stamped and addressed envelope, not later than Friday Nov. 18, 1905.

Tickets will not be issued to children, but parents in applying for tickets may request that one of them admit a minor child (naming such child), and a special ticket may, in such case, be given to the parent which will admit to the hall such child if accompanied with the parent. Except upon presentation of such special ticket no children will be admitted to these lectures.

These tickets may be transferred, but only to adults.

As these lectures will be of such a character as will not interest the children, the committee will issue but a very limited number of these tickets, thus allowing a larger number of available seats for the older applicants.

A limited number of Special Tickets for each separate lecture, commonly called "rush" tickets, will be issued in the same manner as the regular tickets to which the application may wish to attend. These tickets will entitle the holder to any vacant seat after 7:35 p. m., or 5 minutes before the commencement of the lecture.

The course of the 13th season will consist of 5 lectures as follows:

Tuesday, November 28, 1905. Rev. W. J. Dawson, of London Subject: "Sir Walter Raleigh"

Tuesday, December 5, 1905. Dr. Newell D. Hillis Subject: "John Ruskin's Message to the Twentieth Century"

Monday, Dec. 18, 1905. P. S. Henson, D. D. Subject: "Grimblers"

Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1906. Dr. John C. Bowker Subject: "Japruasa"

Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1906. Mrs. Harriett Bishop Waters Subject: "Story of the Early Missionaries"

The Course will be held in Lyceum Hall.

Doors open at 7:30 P. M. Lectures begin at 8 P. M.

Address all communications to the Burbeen Lecture Committee, Woburn, Mass. 1 Woburn, Nov. 2, 1905

C. E. SMITH,

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Office 439 Main Street.

Opp. Central House

The Election.

The Republicans won out in the State election last Tuesday in fine style. Guild's plurality over Bartlett was 23,232; and Draper's over Whitney 2,000. The reason for Draper's comparatively small plurality was that he was regarded as Senator Lodge's special favorite in the eyes of the thousands of staunch Republicans, who are "down" on the present Boss and his associates in the contest. In the fight a great many good Republicans were against Lodge and would have thrown him over the shoulders of Draper, hence the latter's small minority.

The Whitney-Poss Reciprocity combine received another black eye on Tuesday, which ought to settle their heads for them for good and all.

The home election was a quiet one and resulted as everyone supposed it would. A gratifying feature of it was Draper's plurality of 23 over Guild. This was probably the only place in the State where Draper ran ahead of Guild. Lang, for Representative on the Democratic ticket, ran 120 behind Bartlett for Governor, while Riley, Republican, ran 42 ahead of Guild. Riley and Shackford were elected by handsome pluralities. The following are the figures:

GOVERNOR

Wards—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	Totals
Bartlett D	229 280 290 200 125 111 92 1357
Carey R	4 2 4 1 1 1 1 24
Carroll L	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 7
Quill R	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 70
Wheeler Pro	0 1 0 2 2 1 0 6
Bartlett's plurality, 439; Douglas' plurality in 1904, 504.	

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

Draper R	113 155 207 169 99 166 94 943
Whitney D	265 259 228 198 118 118 86 1270

SENATOR—MIDDLESEX—ESSEX

Ellis R	137 186 170 196 96 187 89 1040
Nowell D	241 255 260 173 92 85 85 1195
Pittman S	2 6 4 1 5 1 27

REPRESENTATIVES—28TH MIDDLESEX

First D	191 207 207 142 81 78 70 976
Second D	251 238 271 172 100 96 122 1219
Third D	128 179 160 176 84 172 85 990
Shackford R	107 137 145 165 54 156 49

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SCENE, ACT III. THE LION AND THE MOUSE.
NOW PLAYING AT THE PARK THEATRE, BOSTON.

COMPASSES AND CONFUSION

By LOUIS PERCE

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Gladden looked up from the pan in which the bacon was sizzling. The start he gave tumbled the bacon into the fire, and the wild efforts to right the pan before the evening meal was spilled upon the coffee pot and put out the blaze.

Instead of expressing an opinion upon the happenings of the moment, Gladden sprang to his feet and hurried to the bench just as the light canoe grounded on the shore.

One look into the bright face under the red Tam o' Shanter and Gladden was glad that the bacon had been spilled. He had been in camp for six weeks, and even an ugly woman would have been welcomed at the camp. To have this graceful guest at his supper was something he would not have imagined possible ten minutes before.

"Welcome to camp," he said hospitably, extending his hand to assist her to step over the side. To his surprise she refused his aid and sprang to the shore as lightly as a bird. With a laughing glance she swept past him and into the hut. Another moment and she stood before him again, her eyes ablaze.

"Where are the others?" she demanded. "And where are all our things?"

"There are no others," he laughed. "I am afraid that the limited population of this camp does not permit the appointment of a reception committee; unless, indeed, you are willing to recognize me as such."

"What have you done with the others?" she asked. "Have you killed them or have you merely driven them away?"

Gladden laughed. "There has been no one here for six weeks," he declared. "There was this morning," she corrected. "When I left to go over to town there were six here besides the guides. Now not even the things are left, and you have the audacity to camp right here. I suppose you thought that, since you had made camp, there all there was no danger of detection, for a few days at least. I suppose you will have to kill me now to keep from being exposed."

"Don't you think?" asked Gladden, "that you may have made a mistake? Camps look very much alike to persons unaccustomed to the woods. Perhaps you are on the other arm of the lake."

"There is no mistake," she insisted. "I steered by compass," she said.

"Do you know how to use the compass?" he persisted. She looked at him in disdain.

"Is it necessary to insult me?" she demanded. "Why don't you kill me and finish off the work you have commenced?"

"That's a good idea," assented Gladden, recalled by the last half of the sentence. "The work I had commenced was the getting of supper. If you are as hungry as I am you will regard me as a life preserver rather than a murderer."

"Without another word he went about the work of kindling a fresh fire. As he knelt over the twigs the girl made a rush for the boat. He reached the canoe first.

"See here," he said firmly. "You are lost already. I cannot have you still further confused just because you imagine that this is your camp and that I have slaughtered the whole family, to say nothing of the guides, for the sake of your canned goods. Sit down and rest, and after you have had supper I will try to find you."

The girl followed him back to the fire, cowed, but unbelieving. Skillfully Gladden fanned the fire into a bright glow and set the pot on. Then he sliced fresh bacon and set out the plates.

she took notice that this young man, in spite of his evidences of city breeding, was not only decidedly good looking, but skilled in woodcraft, and for some way to admiration of his deftness.

"I guess you can cut that," he said at last, as he placed some of the bacon on a plate and poured a cup of coffee for her. Silently she accepted the food and Gladden smiled softly to himself as he saw the way she ate it. It had been his experience that girls were always more reasonable after they had been fed, and already she was unbendingly civil.

"Are you convinced that I am more human than you were willing to believe at first?" he asked as the plates were at last cleared.

"Perhaps there has been some mistake," she graciously assented, "but I was so careful to steer by the compass that I cannot see how any mistake could be made."

"Perhaps you turned east instead of west," he suggested. "The camps are on the west lake because there is a mail delivery over there. That is why I chose the east lake."

"But this is the west lake," she insisted. "The village is to the south. I turned west."

"You turned east," insisted Gladden. "Since you are on the west lake at this very moment."

"Look!" she cried. "The other lake is over there." She pointed across the point to where the river formed a strait between the lakes.

"That is the west lake over there," he assured her. For answer she drew from her belt a tiny compass, gorgeous in its gold case.

"See!" she cried triumphantly. "Here is the north. This must be the west."

"I am afraid," chuckled Gladden, "that you are under the impression that the south is the north. That needle is pointing directly away from what you call the north."

"Certainly," was the prompt response. "I am afraid you are not very familiar with compasses. They are like weather vanes, you know. They point with the arrow head in the direction."

The next instant he was sorry, but for a moment Gladden relied upon the turf in an ecstasy of joy. This was the explanation. She had steered her course by the compasses in exactly the wrong direction. There was but one camp on the west lake that resembled his. This was the Driscoll camp, and this must be Benny Driscoll's sister. He rose to confront a very indignant young woman.

"I don't like to be laughed at," she said in a hurt little voice. "If I have made a mistake I want to go back to the other lake where they will be kind to me."

"My dear Miss Driscoll," he cried, "I will take you over to your camp in a jiffy, but not until you have forgiven my rudeness."

"You knew who I was all along," she said reproachfully.

"I just this moment found out," he assured her. "I remembered that the Driscoll camp probably looked like this to a new comer to the woods. That is where you belong. Say you will forgive me, and I'll paddle you right over."

For answer she ran to the canoe and sprang into it. Gladden made a leap and sprang upon the bow just as with a sweep of the paddle she cleared the shore.

"I'm not going to let you go until you say you are not angry with me," he said. "Do you suppose I will let you go in this way?"

She glanced into the resolute blue eyes and saw therein not only mastery, but an ardent affection that caused her eyes to veil themselves beneath the lids.

"I forgive you," she said, with a little tremble in her voice, "but please take me home. I am tired."

He tied his own canoe behind and paddled down the lake as the silvery moon rose from behind the shoulder of old Greytop and silvered the wind ripples of the lake.

Not a word was spoken, but it seemed to Gladden that their voices sang in unison, and he was sorry when at last the Driscoll camp was in sight.

fasten the painter of his canoe, rose to face the earnest eyes.

"I am sorry I was so rude," she said softly. "Can I make amends?"

"Let me come again," he said as he bent over the tiny hand.

"Tomorrow," she whispered as she snatched her hand away, and as Gladden bent to his paddle the evening waters whispered that she added "Early," and he had read in her eyes the message she had soon in his own earlier in the evening.

The bridesmaids and ushers never knew who their favors were in this shape of tiny compasses, but they have Mrs. Gladden's assurance that they are lucky.

Cold Endurance of Elephants.
Writing to the Zoological Garden of Berlin, Professor Julius Schott stated that at a local menagerie he once saw an elephant exposed in the open air to the conditions of a temperature below freezing point, the animal appearing to suffer no inconvenience, though evidently conscious of an unusual excitement. But the palm may be given to an Indian elephant named Topsy, the property of a Mr. Philadelphia, a traveling showman. Some years ago, during his tour in northern Sweden and the business of his calling at a lowebb, he decided to make for Stroom, a small town almost within the arctic circle, and attend the annual fair.

For the journey of thirty-five miles the animal's body was expatriated in red deer skin, and he was provided with boots of the same material. The weather was very cold, the temperature varying from 12 degrees centigrade to 20 degrees below, and snow lay thickly around. The inhabitants of Stroom and the neighboring Lapps were amazed at the unwonted sight. Money poured into the coffers of the enterprising showman, and when the market was over and the return journey made the elephant seemed a little if any the worse for his experience.

Drilled Coins.
Perhaps one of the cleverest tricks ever played on Uncle Sam's money marts is credited to a Philadelphia wigmaker. She had been engaged with a gang of counterfeiters and had learned the secrets of the work. She hired a room with steam power, and with the aid of small drills she dug out five and ten dollar gold pieces, leaving nothing but a very thin outside shell. This was effected by drilling through the milled edge of the coin. She then replaced the extracted gold with some base metal, taking care to preserve the exact weight of the coin, and then covered it up with a small bit of extracted gold the tiny hole made by the drill. By this ingenious device she extracted \$3 worth of gold from every five dollar gold piece and \$7.50 worth of gold from every ten dollar gold piece that she handled, and yet the coin remained apparently as before. This device is supposed to be the most absolutely safe and clever of all dishonest practices that has ever been resorted to in connection with money. Success made her reckless, and arrest and imprisonment soon stopped the woman's operations.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Actions and Habits.
Aristotle says: "All actions have a tendency to reproduce themselves and thus to produce habits or states of the will. By doing just things a man becomes just; by doing brave things he becomes brave."

Pinned It.
"I hear that old Skinfitt has got religion."

"Has he? He must have run across a chance to cheat somebody else out of it!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Can Throw It Straight.
It is said that a woman never hits anything when she throws a rock, but she smashes the target when she throws a hint.—Dallas News.

Not Traveling Incognito.
"Miss Snidely is going to travel under an assumed name."

"You surprise me."

"Yes; she is going to be married next week and start on her honeymoon."

To Be Sure that You are Right is Proper, certainly, but also be sure when you are right to go ahead.—Kansas City Star.

Jumping For The Train.
Citizen—Is it really only ten minutes' walk to the station from your house? Suburban—What a ridiculous question! Nobody in our lovely suburb ever walks to the station. I believe, however, that it's ten minutes' walk from the station.—Philadelphia Press.

Jumping at Conclusions.
"You're as bad as a playful kitten in jumping at conclusions," remarked a youth to his friend.

"So kittens jump at conclusions?" asked the youth.

"Certainly; have you never seen kittens chase their tails?"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 12.

Text of the Lesson, Ezra viii, 21-32. Memory Verses, 21-23—Golden Text, Ezra viii, 22—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We have before us today the record of a journey which occupied about four months (vii, 9) and was participated in by about 1,800 people, carrying with them 600 talents of silver and 100 talents of gold (about \$3,500,000), in addition to vessels of gold and silver and brass, and, although the dangers of the journey were many, they were delivered from all their enemies and reached their destination in safety without any human protection whatever.

This is something worth inquiring into, for in these days of "fear on every side" if we can learn to "serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies" (Jer. xxi, 5; Luke i, 74, 75), it would greatly glorify God. All these things were written for our benefit (Rom. xv, 4) that we may learn how to have the hand of our God upon us for good (verse 21, 22, 23). In the face of our enemies! Many years had passed since Zerubbabel and his company of 40,000 had gone up from Babylon to Jerusalem by the decree of Cyrus (chapter ii, 1, 64, 65)—the temple had been rebuilt and the passover had been kept (vi, 14, 22)—but as time sped on the tendency to wander away from God, which is common to all, became very manifest and Israel had become very much mixed up with the people of the land (Is. i, 2). It is the purpose of God that His people should be specially His own, a people for Himself, in whom He can live and through whom He can make Himself known to others (Ex. xix, 4, 6; Isa. xlii, 21; Ps. lxxv, 14; R. V.), and all conformity to the ways of those who are not of God grieves the Spirit of God and hinders Him in His loving purpose. If this rebellion against God is persisted in, the chosen His people, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" (Heb. xii, 6; Rev. iii, 19; Amos iii, 2). He had just chastened Israel for seventy years in Babylon and had restored them, according to His promise, to Jerusalem, but they were already proving themselves the same rebellious, stiff-necked Israel (Deut. ix, 6, 24). So it is always, and the men like Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Elijah, Elisha, Ezra, Nehemiah, who are few indeed. When men are found, the way that God can turn things in their favor is seen in chapter vii, 1-23, supplying them with abundance, to be freely used for the work and according to the will of the Lord. His people, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" (Heb. xii, 6; Rev. iii, 19; Amos iii, 2). He had just chastened Israel for seventy years in Babylon and had restored them, according to His promise, to Jerusalem, but they were already proving themselves the same rebellious, stiff-necked Israel (Deut. ix, 6, 24). So it is always, and the men like Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Elijah, Elisha, Ezra, Nehemiah, who are few indeed. When men are found, the way that God can turn things in their favor is seen in chapter vii, 1-23, supplying them with abundance, to be freely used for the work and according to the will of the Lord. His people, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" (Heb. xii, 6; Rev. iii, 19; Amos iii, 2). 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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1905.

THE CITY ELECTION.

The campaign for the city election was safely launched immediately after the State contest, and is now doing business. True, no nominations have yet been made, but the ground is being thoroughly cultivated for the December harvest, and available candidates for the offices are sought. The Democrats are to hold caucuses on Thursday evening next, Nov. 23, directly after which the opposition will probably form in line and go to work.

Whether, or not, the taxpayers of this city, and the people who profess a desire to see a better and more businesslike administration at City Hall than now exists there, will be able to carry out their wishes at the polls, will depend solely on themselves, for the voting element in this community who favor good municipal government are in the majority. Only one need fear the strength to give the city an honest, able and economical administration. Will they unite and work for such a greatly needed reform?

Thinking men who have property and other interests at stake, carefully studying the record made by the present government; realizing that the money they have paid into the treasury has been worse than squandered this year; that it has yielded no valuable returns in public improvements, or is likely to so long as the present, or similar, rulers are in power, would do well to earnestly consider the wretched condition of our affairs, and adopt means to effect a radical overturn at the next city election. It is surprising that good citizens, men of character and worth, men who profess a desire for official ability and cleanliness and strongly advocate them, should prove so careless and indifferent to the subject as to fail to embrace the opportunity which the ballotboxes furnish to make even a decent effort to remedy the evil, and suffer the election to go by default. But so it has been in years past, and so it will continue to be until the decent voters arouse more fully to a sense of their duty and work together for better things in our public business.

No plans, that we have heard of, have been formulated for the defeat of the present municipal rule, and the election of good men to fill their places, but it is to be hoped that an organization will soon be formed by the opposition, and practical work for reform inaugurated.

WHICH WILL WIN?

On Thursday evening, Nov. 23, the Democratic party of this city are to hold caucuses for the nomination of candidates for Mayor, Aldermen, School Board, Board of Public Works, etc. The gathering promise to be of the liveliest character, and nobody outside of the inner circle can predict with the slightest degree of certainty what the result will be.

For Mayor there are two aspirants for the nomination, namely, Mayor Reade, and President Aylward of the City Council. Both are doing big work to carry the caucuses, and the race will be close. Aylward claims the unanimous backing of the Aldermen, the Democratic machine, and the "Big 4"; while Reade relies on his this year's record, his unwavering and unyielding opposition to the Council, and the loyalty of friends, to carry him safely through the trying ordeal.

Bitter hostility has characterized the intercourse between the Mayor and Council all through the year, and whatever the outcome of the caucuses may be, it is not at all likely that the feud will end there—the defeated candidate, whether Reade or Aylward, will, it is said, run on nomination papers. It is believed that the quarrel between the Mayor and Council has been of so long standing, and so acrimonious, that it will be impossible for the two factions to unite in support of either of the candidates at the polls, while a compromise is utterly out of the question.

ON THE WANE.

Bosses and Bossism appear to be on the wane in this country. The masses of the people have arrived at the point of doing their own thinking, and political "leaders" are being relegated to back seats. They have done mischief enough to their parties, the voters of the country think, and will be obeyed no longer.

The elections on Nov. 7 proved to be a knockdown blow to the Bosses. In every State where there was a contest the plain, honest people won out handsomely against them.

The baneful influence of the Bosses has not only driven many States from the Republican column this year, but has thrown them into the Democratic "doubtful" list. The defeats suffered by the Republicans at the polls last week were due to the arrogance, dictation, and, in many cases, dishonesty, of the Party Bosses.

Is it any wonder then that the common people have become utterly sick and tired of Bosses and Bossism?

IT WILL BE READE.

They say President Aylward has weakened, and that Mayor Reade is cocksure of the Democratic nomination at the caucuses to be held on Nov. 23.

The Democratic leaders have made up their minds that the only safe thing to do will be to nominate Reade, which decision, although coming late, will give him a virtual walkover.

Aylward, so it goes, discovering the direction of the cat's jump, wilted, and is out of the race.

FOR SPEAKER.

Representative Cole of Andover appears to have the inside track for Speaker of the next House. Pledges indicate his success by a good working majority. He is a veteran member, and would make a model Speaker.

In the election of John B. May to the exalted office of District Attorney for Suffolk county Woburn claims to have won an honor. His first Law office after being admitted to the Bar was in this city, and while practicing his profession here he was one of our most highly respected citizens.

The November AMERICAN BOY is a specially attractive number, and marks the beginning of the seventh year of its publication. It contains more interesting papers than we have space to enumerate, the same being illustrated by 85 splendid pictures. The boys will find this Thanksgiving issue of the AMERICAN BOY highly interesting and instructive. It is published by The Sprague Co., Detroit, Mich., at \$1 a year.

It is currently reported and generally believed that Hon. John P. Feeney, of the Law firm of J. P. & J. E. Feeney of this city and Boston, is to receive the appointment of Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County from John B. Moran, Esq., who was elected last week District Attorney. The salary of Assistant is \$3,000 a year. Lawyers Moran and Feeney office together in Boston, and are fast personal and political friends.

In large type and a portrait Mayor Reade has announced his candidacy for a second term. The publication was the outcome of a sense held by him and his Democratic supporters one evening last week, at which he was enthusiastically endorsed for reelection. Now let us see what effect the meeting and subsequent proclamation will have on the Democratic caucuses next Thursday evening.

The recount of votes for Lieut. Governor in this city last Monday evening resulted in a gain for Whitney of 5, and a loss for Draper of 1, giving Whitney a net gain of 6. The recounts throughout the State show that Draper's plurality is about 2000. He should have had 15 times that number, and would have had but for reasons, not personal to him, which it is now too late to set forth.

Practical Politics names Percy W. Lincoln, L. Waldo Thompson, and Charles H. Harrington as the Republican candidates for Mayor of Woburn. Where are Frank B. Richardson, B. H. Nichols, Ald. Brackett, et al.?

Hon. Daniel W. Lane was elected for a third term to the State Senate in the 9th Suffolk District on Nov. 7.

Guild ran from 75 to 100 behind the balance of the Republican ticket at the election last week, and 25 behind Draper.

LOCAL NEWS.

Emma Fodick-Baino, Trinity Church—Bazaar. A. E. Sprague—Mecanic. F. J. Lewis—Organ Recital. Shawmut—Thorpe & Martin Co. J. C. Macrae—Architect. Woburn National Bank—State Bank. Lewis & C. Whitney Co.—Warrant.

Republican caucuses Nov. 23. Read the braided mats ad. in this paper.

Tickets for "Down in Dixie" are for sale at Brooks's drugstore.

Mrs. S. M. Nourse of Arlington Heights visited Woburn last Tuesday.

Wonder who the Democrats will pick out for School Board candidates?

John F. Scallie strongly favors Reade's nomination for another term to the Mayor's chair.

Highway Commissioner Kelley of the Board of Public Works is a candidate for reelection.

Col. Charles W. Woodward visited his friend Judge E. F. Johnson in this city last Monday.

It is said that Doherty, Moore, Maloney, Scallie and Kelley are for Reade. That settles it!

The Woman's Club are to hold a regular meeting this afternoon and feast on high class cuisine.

St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to hold a membership pool and card tournament this fall and winter.

See Philip Brackett in the "Buck and Wing Dance" in the Children's Minstrels at Unitarian vestry.

Levi Furubush seems to be a failure as a Democratic politician. He does better at dealing in real estate.

The date of the Children's Minstrels has been changed to Friday, December 1. Tickets are 25 cents.

Hear Harold Child in a topical song in the Children's Minstrel Show on December 1, at Unitarian vestry.

Bertha Smith won the prize at the semi-annual whist party of the Alpha Alpha Chi Club the other evening.

The Fortnightly Whist Club are to hold a meeting this evening at the home of L. F. Bond on Ward street.

Dr. Bixby, Riley and Mrs. Blake retire from the School Board this year. Anybody been picked out to fill their places?

A cake-walk with original features will be danced by four petite couples at the Children's Minstrels December 1, at Unitarian vestry.

But little business was transacted at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening. A loan of \$40,000 was ordered to second reading.

Mrs. W. H. Cummings of Winthrop visited relatives and friends in this city last Tuesday. She formerly resided on Cleveland avenue.

Nobody can deny that the people in this city have a chance to get their "peck of dirt" this week. The streets have been fearfully dusty.

Judge Edward F. Johnson appeared for Eben S. Draper at the recount of voters for Lieut. Governor in this city last Monday evening.

Ald. Frank W. Greydon has notified his friends that he will not be a candidate for reelection this year. He has had enough of it in 1905.

The Loyal Temperance Legion will meet in the vestry of the First Baptist church Saturday afternoon, Nov. 18, at 2 o'clock.—C. M. WARRICK.

"Down in Dixie" is a great play. Don't fail to see it at Lyceum Hall next Wednesday evening. It is to be staged in five style.

Madams S. B. Goddard and Hagerott, and Misses Ellis, Johnson and Frost, won prizes at the Woman's Club whist party last Friday afternoon.

President Cadwell of the Anti-Saloon League is hopeful of a "No License" victory in this city at the next election. Several hundred good people hope so too.

District Medical Examiner Harry G. Blake of this city rendered a decision that the death of William Emery was caused by "accidental poisoning by coal gas."

E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

The rank and disgusting municipal campaign in Boston is of itself sufficient evidence that all of the candidates for Mayor, except Frothingham, are unfit for the office.

Trinity church are to hold their annual Bazaar on Nov. 23, 24. A "Country Store" is to be a leading feature, and one that will please the people hugely. Attend it.

The J. J. Grothe Company have a wide and fine reputation for building railroad snowplows. They have orders from far and near, and are filling them as rapidly as possible.

Misses Helen Ramsdell, Marion Shaw, Edna Johnson, Isabelle Barron, Maude Leslie and Helen Cook, have charge of the children's Minstrel Show December first in Unitarian Vestry.

Joseph Talty and Richard H. Reynolds recently passed successful examinations by the State Board for dentists. There were 56 applicants examined, 31 of whom failed to pass.

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, Union meeting at Swedish Lutheran church, conducted by Rev. G. S. Swenson, pastor, sermon by Rev. N. E. Richardson, pastor of the M. E. church.

The organ in the Unitarian church, built in 1870, still ranks as one of the best and largest, outside of Boston and other large cities. There will be a recital there next Monday evening.

Mr. Louis Schalk, who sings at the organ recital in the Unitarian Church next Monday evening, has spent seven years abroad, including three years singing and teaching in London.

What's the matter with the Democrats placing a good Yankee on their ticket for the Board of Public Works, if for no other reason than to keep Commissioner Hayward from being lonesome?

Capt. William Woodbury, 94 years old, is in poor health just now. Not so many years ago he was a leading merchant of Woburn, and has always been a man greatly respected by his fellowtownsmen.

The gifted Editor of the Times will never see a happy day until this city buys an ambulance for the use of the police. He learned to appreciate an ambulance while a good soldier for the Union in the Civil War.

The decrease of membership of the two local G. A. R. Posts by final mustering out of Veterans ought, it seems to us, to set those left to thinking about the advisability of reuniting and living happily ever after.

Copeland & Bowser have a notice in this paper which is worth everybody's while to read with care. The firm are doing a good business, and to secure a fair share of the trade Leon Dorr is putting his best foot forward.

Deacon and Mrs. Oliver F. Bryant, and Mr. and Mrs. Ward W. Hart, attended the bountiful and highly enjoyable Harvest Supper given in the North Congregational church last week, which was successful from every point of view.

Highway Commissioner Kelley is a candidate for reelection to the Board of Public Works. That will suit his ardent friend, Lawyer John P. Feeney, to a T. Com. Kelley has grown to be one of the Democratic bosses of this city.

Monday evening, Nov. 20, 1905, Mr. F. Percy Lewis, organist of the Unitarian Church, will give a recital of German organ music. He will be assisted by a Boston singer, who like himself has recently returned from study and experience in Europe.

On Nov. 27, Class '06 of the High School are to give their concert and ball, which all hands are looking forward to with feelings of supreme delight. The best musicians in the country have been engaged to play for the dancers. Keep the date in mind.

As architects and builders of Harvest Suppers the good women of the First Baptist church of this city cannot be beaten. The exhibition of their skill which they gave in the vestry of the meetinghouse last week was a record breaker. Everybody enjoyed it.

As the day approaches on which the great meeting of the teachers is to be held public interest in it increases. Parents of the pupils are especially wrought up over the matter, and are liable to reach a white heat before the important and epoch making event comes off.

Please read the professional card of Miss Emma Fodick in this paper. She is a thoroughly educated and competent teacher. Miss Fodick will be at 11 Winn street, this city, every Tuesday afternoon, when and where arrangements can be made with her for evening lessons.

The Anti-Saloon League, of which Mr. Charles H. Cadwell is President, held their first rally of the present campaign in the vestry of the Congregational church last Sunday evening with a good attendance. There were religious exercises conducted by Rev. W. H. Scott, Rev. Dr. Norton, Albert Blackburn, singing, and short addresses.

The League did good work for the cause of "No License" last year, and propose to follow it up during this campaign.

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Woburn High School Class '06 are to give their entertainment on the evening of Nov. 27. More words are inadequate to convey a full description of the pleasures in store for those who attend, for the Class have been indefatigable in preparing good things for The boys and girls deserve a rousing public greeting and patronage.

It is surprising to learn that City Editor of the Times is a quip. He had dealt loads of snuff in his career, but his loss of nearly all of it just before the Democratic caucuses, and the apparent absence of starch in his makeup, seem to disprove the claims of his friends in respect to his courage.

Winter swooped down on us all of a sudden last Monday night. At 7 o'clock a small snow squall struck this city; a cold N. W. wind blew up; and at 6 a. m. Tuesday the temperature was from 10 to 16 above, according to location. It was, indeed, a sharp winter morning. The early railroad men said it was down to zero at Concord, N. H.

The breweries own and control the saloons. In most cases they furnish the money to pay license fees and supply the saloons with the goods dealt in. There are a few liquor sellers in this city who might do business independently of the brewers, but a large share of them are not, and the brewers own these. Which is bad for the community.

Towards Whist Team played at Waltham last Wednesday evening in the Mystic Valley League.

The Boston & Northern Street Railway Co. raised the fare from 5 to 10 cents from Melrose via Chelsea to Boston last Monday and a big fight is on in that town. Everybody has signed petitions to boycott the B. & N. lines.

Unless a big change takes place, the Republican City Committee will find it hard work to get voters out to their caucuses. "General Apathy" seems to have command of the Republican forces at the present time. However, the change may come in season to save Sodom.

Trinity Club are to hold their November meeting this evening. An address will be delivered by Mr. Stanton W. King, Superintendent of the Sailors Haven at Charlestown. The Club expect to hold monthly meetings all winter, and give the public good entertainments.

Mrs. M. L. Sherman is conducting a class in Physical Culture in Waterfield Hall, Winchester, under the auspices of the "Fortnightly" Woman's Club. Woburn ladies are cordially invited to join the class. Visitors are welcome. Address Mrs. H. A. Wheeler, Cliff street, Winchester.

Woburn High School Class '06 are to give their entertainment on the evening of Nov. 27. More words are inadequate to convey a full description of the pleasures in store for those who attend, for the Class have been indefatigable in preparing good things for The boys and girls deserve a rousing public greeting and patronage.

It is surprising to learn that City Editor of the Times is a quip. He had dealt loads of snuff in his career, but his loss of nearly all of it just before the Democratic caucuses, and the apparent absence of starch in his makeup, seem to disprove the claims of his friends in respect to his courage.

Winter swooped down on us all of a sudden last Monday night. At 7 o'clock a small snow squall struck this city; a cold N. W. wind blew up; and at 6 a. m. Tuesday the temperature was from 10 to 16 above, according to location. It was, indeed, a sharp winter morning. The early railroad men said it was down to zero at Concord, N. H.

The breweries own and control the saloons. In most cases they furnish the money to pay license fees and supply the saloons with the goods dealt in. There are a few liquor sellers in this city who might do business independently of the brewers, but a large share of them are not, and the brewers own these. Which is bad for the community.

Last Monday evening the City Council decided on the following places at which to hold the Republican caucuses on Saturday evening, Nov. 23: Ward 1, Co-operative bank rooms, Main street; Ward 2, Armory, Prospect street; Ward 3, Mechanics Hall, Main street; Ward 4, Republican headquarters, Main street; Ward 5, 6 and 7, respective house houses.

There is more talk among Republicans of nominating Frank B. Richardson for Mayor than about anybody else. In fact, he is the only man mentioned seriously for the office. It is at all necessary to say that Mr. Richardson would make a model Mayor, and that the public can make up their minds that it will be a fine dramatic entertainment. The tickets, 35 and 50 cents, are for sale at Brooks's drugstore. The best of talent has been secured to stage the play, and every visitor will get his, or her, full measure of pleasure and interest.

Rev. Norman E. Richardson conducted the religious exercises at the funeral of William Emery last Monday. Mr. Emery, 80 years old, was found dead in the greenhouse at 31 Willow street on Friday, Nov. 10, the cause of his death, as was subsequently ascertained by Medical Examiner Blake, having been accidental poisoning by coal gas. He was a native of New Hampshire, and came to Woburn about 50 years ago, and has made his home here ever since.

For the 114th time Mr. Robert B. Thomas has issued his "Old Farmer's Almanac." It is for A. D. 1906, and as meaty as ever. Old New England people were looking for it, for it is about this season of the year—just before Thanksgiving Day—that it usually comes to them, a welcome visitor. It gives place implicitly confidence in its verities, prognostications, while its sermoneers on farming, pictures, poetry, and other contents, are a boon and comfort to country people who cultivate the soil. It is published by William Ware & Co. in the good city of Boston.

There appears to be a revival of the delightful pastime of roller skating here and about here. Several years ago it assumed the proportions of a "craze," and everybody patronized the rinks. There were two large ones in this city; Monroe & Newton built the first one, and enlarged it at the expiration of a few months; and Chas. McDonald & Carter erected a still more capacious one on Montvale avenue. Both are still standing. The former skating rink was a great success, and the roller skaters went out of fashion; and the rink owners lost the fascinating sport.

The JOURNAL is able to state authoritatively that Ald. James H. Connolly will not be a candidate for the Democratic Mayoralty nomination at the caucuses next Thursday night. Some weeks ago he contemplated entering the contest, but the politics of this party in this city have become so badly "muddled," and the prospect of electing a Democratic Mayor is so slim, that he has concluded to keep out of the mud and let Reade and Aylward fight it out. Ald. Connolly is not at all sanguine of Democratic success at the approaching city election, and he had rather make sure of an Aldermanic reelection than run the risk of being beaten in the race for Mayor.

Members of Inleton Canoe Club were guests of the Medford Boat Club at Saturday evening.

Are the taxpayers and advocates of a clean, honest and intelligent administration of city affairs perfectly satisfied with the way the public business has been conducted during the present year? If so, they had better flock to the polls next election day and vote en masse for a continuance of the present regime. That would be consistent. If they do not, it is not as if they don't like the way things have been run at City Hall—well, let us wait and see what they will do about reforming existing evils.

The two leading provision markets in town, Durward's and Linell's, begin to show lively signs of approaching Thanksgiving Day. Turkeys and cranberries are likely to come pretty high this Thanksgiving time, but we must have them, that is, all of us who can rake and scrape money enough together to buy them with. Like Christmas, the day of public thanks and praise for mercies received from the generous hand of the great universal Provider "comes but once a year," and, therefore, should be made the most of.

Up to date but little talk has been heard respecting the subject of license that will come before the people at the next city election. With the exception of the movement of the Anti Saloon League, there appears to be no plans blocked out, or much interest taken in the question, which looks bad for the cause of "No License." To be sure, there is time enough yet to start and prosecute a vigorous campaign against licensed rummelling in this city, but organizations should be effected at once, plans laid, money raised, and work commenced. Delays are dangerous.

It was thought that Mr. Simon Blake, a hard working and prosperous New Hampshire farmer, manifested good common sense last Friday night when he paid 40 cents extra for the privilege of sleeping in Woburn, his former home, still remembered with affection rather than scorn by his neighbors. He came down from his Wakefield, N. H., homestead to attend the funeral in Boston of a cousin, a Civil War Veteran, and when it was over, he came out here to spend the night and breathe the air from the hill-top that he still believes to be about as pure and sweet as is made anywhere. Mr. Blake returned to Wakefield on Saturday.

Pardon us, but why don't the city authorities take hold and abate that nuisance along the north side of Main street past the stores of Crovo, Crawford, Linell, and others? The catch-basin, or something else, sends forth continually a terribly sickening stench, and contributes largely, we have no doubt, to breeding distempers. One's olfactory does not have to be overly sensitive to cause him, or her, to hold his nose every time he, or she, passes that malarious hole by the sidewalk, and it is high time that steps were taken to remove the nuisance. Why, in the name of goodness, do city authorities permit such things and endanger the health of the people?

There was a genuine love feast in Post 33, G. A. R. Hall last Friday evening, when W. R. C. 84 entertained Posts 33 and 161, and W. R. C. 161, with one of the best suppers ever laid in the hall. Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn Item, and Commander of the Lynn G. A. R. Post, who was a charter member of Post 33, organized 38 years ago, was the guest of honor. After stirring speeches were read by Commander Thomas Moore of Post 33; Grace Leslie, President of Post 33; Capt. John L. Parker of Lynn; Bernard Fletcher, Albert P. Barrett, and J. Fred Leslie. Mrs. Margaret Henderson made the welcome speech in a handsome manner. There was orchestral and vocal music; reading by Stella Haynes; and other pleasing and interesting exercises.

Our Burlington correspondent has no article, under the proper head, in this issue of the JOURNAL, which treats of the subject of the interest that town and city officers are showing in the election, and consequently, deserving of attention. The opinion prevails, based on intimations by Mr. Sears of Boston, who is the principal owner of the Lowell & Woburn electric road, that unless the Selectmen of Burlington grant the petition of the L. & W. Co. for a change of route the road will be abandoned and every vestige of it removed. The question now is, are the people of Burlington ready to give up the line and shut themselves off from the outside world for years to come? That question has been left to the Selectmen to settle. The Lowell & Woburn Company have made arrangements with the Boston & Northern Company which would result in a resumption of operations by the L. & W. Co. in a few days. If the change of route asked for in Burlington should be granted; but the B. & N. refuse absolutely to enter into any arrangements with the L. & W. unless such change is made. Without such arrangements the Lowell & Woburn Co. can do nothing but throw up the sponge and abandon the enterprise. What will the Burlington Selectmen do about it?

We have received, with thanks, from Mr. Warren Teel, a native of Woburn, but for many years a resident of New York, a copy of the Century Edition of the Davenport (Iowa) Democrat, containing a history of that sterling paper from its birth in 1855 to the present time; likewise, a vast amount of interesting information concerning the city of Davenport and its people during the years covered by the edition. Many old citizens contributed recollections to the issue, among them Mr. Teel, whose contributions treated of the financial panic and hard times of 1857 and following years, spiced with old time anecdotes, not the least readable of which was his meeting with "Oswatimie," or "Old John" Brown, the great Abolitionist, who Governor Wise caused to be hung in Virginia in 1858 for inciting Negro revolts. There we knew "Dick" Richardson, who established the Democrat in 1855, and was its Editor to the time of his death a few years ago, and a finer specimen of true manhood never lived anywhere. The semi-centennial number was especially interesting to us from the fact that we were acquainted with many of the men named in it, and the city as it was and looked nearly 50 years ago and a score of years later.

The first trip we ever made up the Mississippi River was in 1857 with Capt. Harris on his steamboat, Gray Eagle which then ran between Davenport and Galena, Ill., and his clerk Champlin, and a sketch of the old Captain in the Democrat was indeed an interesting reading for us. Mr. Warren Teel has been Assistant Postmaster at Davenport about 40 years, and is still at his post, hale and hearty.

Read the ad. of Trinity church Bazaar.

Annual Inspection of Post 161 Monday evening Nov. 20.

It is reported that Edward S. Lyons assigned from the Board of License Commissioners.

Yesterday was one of the days we read of—cloudy, soft, and following a rain on Wednesday night.

Edmund Country Club made a great hit at their concert and ball last Wednesday night. It was a fine affair.

Woburn Council, K. of C., were entertained at a banquet at the Hotel Tuesday evening. There were speeches and a general good time.

The alarm from box 67 at 2:55 Monday afternoon was for a fire in the cellar of the barn at the residence of Mrs. Mary Kenney at Hammond Square.

Mrs. Emma S. Woodbury and her daughter Cora have been visiting relatives and friends in Woburn, Winchester and Burlington this week.

The Baraca Club of the M. E. church plays Basket Ball with the team from the Baptist church in Lexington, in the M. E. church Gymnasium next Tuesday evening 7:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor, esteemed residents of 23 Pleasant street, expect to accompany Mr. Fred Rogers to his Lookaway Inn at Pine Point, Maine, tomorrow.

If any dealer in the article has on hand a man of the right stamp for a Republican candidate for Mayor he can learn something to his advantage by calling on or addressing by postcard the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee.

The Cambridge District of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church held its annual convention in the M. E. church all day Thursday, Nov. 16, at 10 a. m. The first Christian Missionary to penetrate Tibet, was one of the attractions.

The Men's League of the Congregational church is a good institution. It is an educator in the right direction. Rev. Richard H. Dams, who is to lecture at the church on Thursday evening, Nov. 23, under the auspices of the League, is one of the most eminent scholars in this country.

Miss Bertha A. Buckman, daughter of Mr. Willis J. Buckman, the Highland merchant, one of the most popular young ladies in this city, and Mr. Fred H. Winn of Burlington were united in the bonds of wedlock by Rev. Henry C. Parker at the Unitarian parsonage last Monday evening, Nov. 13, 1905. Mr. Winn is for Sidney, C. E., on Wednesday, where he has a position on a street railway, his brother-in-law, Mr. Frank T. Buckman, being an official of the Company owning it.

Leather manufacturing continues at a low ebb in this city, with no fair prospect for improvement in the future. It looks now as though Woburn had seen its best days as a leather producing centre. The truth is, generally felt, having been a positive injury to it, and to save the city from becoming a mere mechanical industries must be obtained. We are told that the factories, except perhaps those that make leather, are not doing half the work, nor turning out half of the product, as a few years ago, and that the workmen out of employment were never more numerous than they have been all through the present year. As for President Cleveland once felicitously put it, this is a condition not a theory, and the question arises, what are our business men and property owners going to do about it?

Mustered Out.

CHARLES WYER, born in Woburn Nov. 2, 1822, son of George and Mary Rice Wyer, died in this city, Nov. 11, 1905. Sgt. Wyer, enlisted in Company F, 33d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, Feb. 18, 1862; reenlisted in same Company and Regiment, Jan. 4, 1864; and was discharged June 23, 1865, after serving 3 years, 4 months, and 11 days. He was wounded in front of Petersburg, Sept. 18, 1864; was in every engagement of his Regiment participated in from Harrison's Landing to Appomattox, and was conspicuous for his undiminished patriotism and fidelity to duty.

Since his return to civil life this community knew him only as a quiet, unobtrusive citizen of steady, industrious habits; a lover of his country; a believer in Americanism and the American people; and keenly alive to every measure effecting the honor and perpetuity

Woburn's Lowest Price

ROSE GLYCERINE LOTION

25c. a Bottle.

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn Boston Office, 93 Water Street

Telephone 131-2 Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over \$700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

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To please the public. We take their money and "Justice" requires full value in exchange. We do this and go beyond it in our new stock of

JEWELRY

that we now invite you to see. Careful manipulation in buying, discounting our bills, and increase of sales, explains it all. Examine or price any article and it will convince you.

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A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

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Gifts from 25c to \$5.00

The season of gift giving and receiving. We invite your inspection of our large assortment of useful and appropriate

Gifts from 25c to \$5.00

Thorp & Martin Co

Boston's Stationers

66 Franklin St., Boston

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of ERIC W. WESTWORTH of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for probate, by ELIZABETH K. MONTGOMERY, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of November, A.D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, why you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be on one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Burlington.

I have reliable authority for the statement that the Lowell & Woburn street railway through this town would resume operation within ten days if the prayer of the Company for a change of route should be granted by our Selectmen; and of another statement, nearly as authoritative, that, unless the prayer is granted, the Company will abandon the scheme of a trunk line from Lowell via Burlington to Boston, and take up the present track. This is the situation, and it remains for the Selectmen to say whether Burlington shall have an electric road through the town, or not. Burlington sorely needs the convenience, and everybody knows and admits. As matters stand our town cut off, and isolated from the outside world, and needs an outlet. Will the Selectmen refuse to give us one? I would not like to be the cause, as a town officer, of having the tracks of the L. & W. removed and the road abandoned, for in that case we would be morally certain of being visited by the condemnation of a large majority of our people. Personally, the present route would better accommodate me than the proposed one; but for the public good, for the best interests of the town, I am willing to forego the better accommodations, and accept the change asked for by the L. & W. Company. Not to grant the Company's prayer would, in my judgment, be a serious blow to the prosperity of Burlington. If the change is made the Company will do the fair thing by our people.

Man's Unreasonableness

is often as great as woman's. But Thos. S. Austin, Mr. of the "Republican," of Leavenworth, Kansas, was not unreasonable, when he refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife, for female trouble. "Instead," he says, "I concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was then so sick, she could hardly leave her bed, and five (5) physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters, she was perfectly cured, and can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co.'s druggists. Price 50c.

The Envious Woman.

The train had pulled out of the terminal, and the conductor was on his feet collecting fares. In one car there sat alone a woman dressed in deep mourning, her heavy veil over her eyes, the second in tears. When the conductor approached her the woman burst into tears.

As she cried as if her heart would burst the conductor asked her what was the matter. She sobbed this reply: "Ten years ago I took my first husband over this road to be cremated, five years ago I took my second husband on the same trip to the crematory, and now I am taking my third husband to be cremated to ashes."

Just then there were loud sobs heard coming from a seat on the opposite side of the car. The conductor turned and saw another woman crying. Approaching softly, he asked the weeping one, "What is the matter, madam?"

Taking her handkerchief from her eyes, the second in tears answered: "That woman has husbands to burn, while I can't get even one."—Philadelphia Record.

The Senses of the Word.

"She is a lady in every sense of the word," exclaimed Bilkins.

"Then she is the most remarkable woman that ever lived," replied Johnson.

"What do you mean? Aren't there plenty of ladies in the world?"

"Yes, but not in every sense of the word. For instance, if the woman is what you say, she is not only a woman of good family or of good breeding and refinement, but she is also, according to the Century Dictionary, a sweetest (local United States); a slate measuring about sixteen inches broad by ten long; the calcareous apparatus in the cardiac part of the stomach of the lobster, the function of which is the trituration of food." And she is all that her fortune is made in the museum line."

After that it was noted that Bilkins usually pruned down the remark to "she is a lady" simply.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Solan Geese.

Richard Bell in his book, "My Strange Pets," tells of the solan geese, which in Great Britain in bygone days used to be sent to hand dried for home food. "Many years ago these dried geese found their way to the lowlands of Scotland and were used as an appetizer. A small portion when eaten before meals was supposed to tickle the appetite. In this connection I have heard a good story: A worthy farmer in the neighborhood gave a dinner party, and when the dinner was in progress he asked one of his guests if he would have another portion, upon which the guest remarked, 'I think I will, as I eat a bit of solan geese after I left home and it has made me very hungry,' upon which his neighbor said, 'I don't believe in these solan geese, for I find a bit of solan geese after I eat a bit of a ball yin afore I can't wait and I dinna feel a bit the hungrier!'"

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Thanksgiving

Is near at hand, and each housekeeper wants to replenish her stock of LINENS. We have paid especial attention to this department this year and invite our customers to inspect our stock.

Napkins, Doyley and Table Cloths,

either by the yard or in matched sets.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

FOR SALE.

1 Laundry Wagon.

1 Canopy Top Carryall.

1 Top Buggy, Rubber Tires.

Her Scholarship

By ANNA WEBBLING

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Millie sat on the edge of the dock and looked up the road. Far up the dusty line, running between green fields, a tolling wagon spoke of passengers for the ferry, and she swung herself lightly into the launch and busied herself with starting the motor.

It was hard work for a girl, but something had to be done, and the Millie M. was her only resource. It had been fun, in her summer vacations, to play about the boat and help her father at the wheel, but now that he was ill she must take his work every day, in fair weather or wet, make the hourly trips across the four mile stretch of water which lay between the two states.

Could she have finished her course at college she might have found some other way of supporting herself and her father, but there was no opportunity here to continue her studies, and when rheumatism had laid her father flat upon his back she had given up the last term and had come home to be both captain and engineer of the little ferry.

Between December and April the lake was frozen over, and if business was brisk this summer there might be a chance to take a half year. It would delay her graduation at least a year, perhaps two, but her chief duty was toward her father, who, since her babyhood, had striven so hard to replace that mother she had lost. He lavished upon her the affection a child naturally would expect from her mother, and when she should have been a wife and mother he would find his means of livelihood gone.

But even at that he would not hear of Millie's giving up the term, and the girl settled the matter herself by calmly coming home and putting the launch in commission as soon as the ice went out.

It had been a busy season, for after hours the patrons of the big hotel on the bluff were wont to hire the boat for excursions, and the entries on the credit side of the bank book cheered Millie when at times it seemed that she, too, would have to give in.

There were eight in the party that wanted to cross the lake, but only the strapping sheriff attracted her attention as he dropped the bank book, cheered and climbed over the partition separating the engines from the space reserved for passengers.

"Most ready to give in, Millie," he asked as the girl made room for him on the seat beside her.

"Not yet," she answered as she reached for the wheel. "I won't let them say that I married you so as to be able to complete my course."

"I guess they know well enough that we have been engaged ever since I went into long trousers," he urged. "Besides, if you really love me you will not care what people say."

"And you understand how I feel," she demanded. "I do love you, Dick, but they must not say that I married you just because you had the money I needed. They must realize that I married you because I wanted you. You have your spurs as sheriff to win; I have my diploma to work for. Then we can be married."

"And live happily ever after," he completed. "Just wait until I capture the Mayville bank robbers, and I'll win your consent in spite of you."

"Who are they?" she asked curiously. He laid a slip of paper on the seat, but just then the last of the passengers settled themselves and the boat glided out into the lake. Millie's hands as steady upon the wheel as though the man she loved were not sitting beside her.

She thought no more of the paper until she came down to the dock after supper to get the launch ready for a trip down the lake with a party from the hotel. Then she glanced over the printed slip, offering an aggregate reward of \$10,000 for the capture of the robbers of the Mayville bank, which was the latest of a daring series.

So engrossed did she become that she had to hurry at the last, and just as she looked up from her task, ready to pull out and run down to the dock, she faced an exceedingly businesslike revolver held by a determined looking man.

"We want to cross the lake," he said roughly, "and you can't get across any too quick either."

"This boat is engaged for the evening," she said calmly, though her heart beat high as she realized that there were three in the party—the very men at whose portraits she had been looking.

"You bet it's engaged," was the rough response, "and you want to make a start mighty prompt."

was a sand bank, the only one in that part of the lake. At the speed the boat was going she could drive it into the mud so tightly that they could not work it off. This would give Dick a chance to catch up with them.

With eyes straining through the deepening gloom, she drove the boat ahead until, with a crash, it buried its nose in the soft, sticky mud. The shock threw the men to the bottom of the boat, and with a spring Millie possessed herself of the pistol.

"If you make a move I'll shoot!" she cried.

In spite of the warning, one of the men rose to his feet. With a courage born of desperation the girl pulled the trigger. With a yell, he fell heavily to the bottom of the boat, a bullet in his hip.

The shot was answered by one nearer the shore, and backing toward the engine, Millie blew the whistle at intervals until two rowboats loomed up through the darkness, and Dick Davis sprang into the launch.

There was a sharp fight, but the captors were too many for the fugitives. Millie fainted, and it was not until the launch had been towed and shoved from the mud that she revived, and with trembling hands headed once more for the home dock.

After the posse had been paid there was still \$1,000 left, and by the end of the summer Dick Davis' brother had learned to run the launch and Millie Davis went back to college on what she laughingly explained to her husband was the "sheriff scholarship."

Dick had insisted upon her marriage before she went, and, somehow, that evening in the launch, he showed her how much she needed him.

Hindoo Conception of Immortality. Christians believe in the immortality of the soul, as do the Hindoos, but the contrast here is striking. Christian belief is that God created man and that there was a time when we were not. Hindoos believe that the soul is uncreated and that it has already existed forever as it will continue to live forever. Christians suppose that at death the soul enters an eternal state where it will continue forever, but Hindoos think of death merely as an incident in the long chain of endless changes which go on without beginning or end, unless indeed in rare instances some one attains salvation. Salvation to the Christian means heaven, but to the educated Hindoo it means absorption in the Deity and the loss of our individual existence. Save as it finds this salvation, then, the soul goes on, and on for ever, and exists in various forms, in forms on earth, in heaven, in hell, as god, devil, insect, animal, man, having all experiences and undergoing every possible form of happiness and woe, though on the whole suffering predominates—Chautauquan.

Everything Limited. The old farmer went to one end of the swaying couch to wash his hands. He could find only a few remnants of soap. "Boy," he drawled, "there don't seem to be much soap here?"

"No, sah," chuckled the porter. "You know dis is limited. Ebbytting aboud am limited."

"Then the old man tried to fill a glass from the water cooler. He could force out only a few drops.

"Where's the water, boy?" "Well, much water, sah. But am limited too."

Presently the porter brushed the old farmer down, and the latter handed him nine coppers.

"Why, boss," protested the porter, "I did not expect to see you here. You are a quarter."

"I know that," chuckled the old farmer, "but you know this is limited, and everything should be limited."—Chicago News.

The Rush of the Pinball. The species of wild ducks known as pintails have a peculiar habit during the mating season of descending from a great altitude at an angle of about 45 degrees with the wings stiffly outspread and slightly curved forward. The bird is frequently so high that the noise produced by its passage through the air is heard for several seconds before the bird comes into sight. It descends like a meteor till within a few feet of the ground, when a slight change in the position of the wings sends the bird gliding away close to the ground several hundred yards without a stroke of the wings. The sound produced by this swift passage through the air can only be compared to the rushing of the wind through tree tops. At first it is like a murmur, then it rises to a hiss, and as the bird sweeps by it is almost a roar.

Bright Students. The students were one year and a half removed from their preparation for entrance. Out of 186 fifty-three could not tell when Shakespeare lived, although either the sixteenth or the seventeenth century would have been accepted as correct. Two students placed him in the twelfth century, four in the fourteenth, seven in the fifteenth, twenty in the eighteenth and four in the nineteenth century. Sixteen students did not attempt to assign him at all.

One hundred and fourteen students did not know in what century Milton lived. He was assigned to the eleventh, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Fifty-four placed him in the eighteenth century, which the student by the entrance requirements is obliged to know better than any other period. Eighty-seven did not attempt to assign him to any century.

One hundred and twenty-seven students did not know who Samuel Johnson's biographer was, 103 not trying to assign a biographer and twenty-four assigning the biography variously, one with a bright idea to "Himself,"—Jeanette Marks in Critic.

A New Muse. A group of clubmen of real or supposed literary tendencies had been testing their memories by trying to recall and name all the plays of Shakespeare. All of them having failed in this, they essayed a simpler test—to wit, the naming of the nine muses. One of the group began, "Clio," said he. "Clio—one," another. "Erato," said the first. "Erato—two," chimed the second. "Euterpe," "Euterpe—three," "Calliope," "Calliope—four," "Terpsichore," "Terpsichore—five." A pause, and then "Melpomene," said number one. "Melpomene—six," scored number two. Another pause, and then, "Oh, yes; Thalia," Thalia, as he called the other, "Thalia, that makes seven." A long pause. "I'm two shy," asserted number one finally. "Imetiothy—eight," said number two solemnly. The crowd drank to the health of Pegasus and Urania at his expense.—Argonaut.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON IX, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 26.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. x. 23-33.

Memory Verses, 31-33—Golden Text, I Cor. x. 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We must not allow any topic, however important, to take our thoughts from the topic of the whole epistle and of the whole Bible, the salvation of Jehovah, and the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, that salvation. It is always most important and helpful to notice the beginning and the ending of the whole book or any portion of it, and that again is suggestive of Him who says, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord" (Rev. i. 8). The epistles generally begin and end with "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," a definition of which is found in I Cor. vii. 9, but it brings before us the beginning, continuance and consummation of our salvation (Rom. iii. 24; v. 2; I Pet. i. 13). The return of Christ to complete our personal salvation, the redemption of the body, and the resurrection of all Israel and all nations is seen in chapters 1, 7, 8; xvi, 22, and all through the epistle, and nothing will deliver from the drunken or any other form of the self life like this blessed purifying hope.

The book or epistle is often divided into sections, and the divisions of this epistle are easily recognized by the words "Now concerning," or "Now as touching" (vii. 1; viii. 1; xii. 1, xvi. 1). Our lesson is in the section concerning things offered unto idols, and idols suggest the devil and demons and not God (verses 19-21; Deut. xxxii. 17; Ps. cvi. 37). Chapter vii, 6, is a very helpful word covering the whole life of the believer—our God, the Father, and Lord, Jesus Christ, of whom and by whom are all things. Then in our lesson (x. 31), "Whether therefore ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," sets before us all that is required of us. But, oh, means so much that whole world of things offered unto idols, and idols suggest the devil and demons and not God (verses 19-21; Deut. xxxii. 17; Ps. cvi. 37). 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The Man Who Went Wrong

By C. B. LEWIS

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There had been a gale in the gulf all night long, and as daylight came the Cuban scouts looked out of the thick in which they had lain through the night the white topped waves were chasing each other as though they were wild horses. They were there to meet a blockade runner which was to have landed a cargo for them the previous night, but the gale had kept her away from the coast.

"What is it?" was asked as one of the group uttered a shout and pointed out to sea.

"Boom!" came the report of a canon as if in answer.

Three miles off the coast was a tiny craft heading straight for the shore under a bit of sail, and not half a mile behind her was a Spanish gunboat which had opened fire at the reefing, dancing target. Such was the tumble of the waves that the larger craft might have fired all day long and only planned a lucky shot by accident, and it soon became apparent to the watchers that if the little craft were handled right she would at least reach the beach in safety. They ran and helped the man who was sailing her. She came on like a gull, sometimes hove up until she seemed to launch herself through the air and again sinking so far out of sight and being hidden so long that the watchers held their breath and spoke no word.

"A-h-h-h!" cheer! "As the water began to shoal the gun boat slewed her head around and wallowed in the trough of the sea for a moment, as if she were feeling her way, and then got her head under her and steamed out to sea. The scouts waved their hats and cheered the man who was holding the stem of the boat, hardly more than a skiff, straight for the beach at their feet. They ran and pulled down a vine from a tree, formed in line with the outer man up to his waist in the boiling foam, and when the craft struck the first breaker and was hurled end over end the stranger was caught by the collar of his jacket and drawn out of the grip of the deadly undercurrent.

"Well done and thanks for it," he said five minutes later, when he had cleared his eyes and mouth of salt water.

"How came you aboard in that craft?" asked the leader.

"I came from Key West to join you. You are insurgents, I take it? Take me to headquarters."

"But you braved the gale in that craft?"

"I succeeded before it all night."

"And you—you have come to help us fight?"

"Take me to headquarters," answered the man. And he shut his jaws and would talk no more.

A man was detailed to conduct him to insurgent headquarters. What the stranger said to the general never will be known. Perhaps he told all perhaps he simply said that like many another American free lance he had come to help Cuba win her independence. Good men were too scarce for any caviling. In two days the stranger, who had simply been dubbed "Yankee," was scouting. He was silent and taciturn and made no friends, but when it was found that he had plenty of courage the men rallied to him and were led by him without heartburnings or jealousies. They said of him to each other when out of earshot:

"He is educated. He is a gentleman. He has gone through some rough. Let it be his secret, however."

Three months after the landing, General Weyler had offered a reward for Yankee, dead or alive. He had been a spy scout for no other purpose but to look for him.

Day by day he rallied at them for their want of success. One by one their number dwindled away under the bullets of Yankee's little band of men. The Spanish tried bribery, but the insurgents turned their backs on the sums named. They set traps, but the Cuban scouts scented them and refused to walk in.

In six months a hundred Spanish soldiers owed their death to the little band, and a hundred night alarms could be laid to the same cause. Then there came a day when Spanish cunning prevailed. Men wearing the red and blue crested and fall beneath Cuban bullets, while those who lived fell in screaming panic. The race succeeded, and the ten, led by Yankee, suddenly found themselves surrounded.

It was on the edge of an old sugar plantation. When the leader saw that retreat was cut off and that he was surrounded on all sides, he gave orders to retreat to the engine house of the mill. It was a small brick building, and when doors and windows had been barricaded it made a strong little fort. It was so strong that, although there were 400 Spanish infantry on the ground, they dared not rush it. They simply surrounded it and sent for cannon to batter down the walls.

The Cubans were trapped like rats. They had neither food nor water, and their cartridges were reduced to seven per man. It did not take the slowest witted man among them to realize that the engine house was a death trap. All instinctively gathered about the leader. No one asked a question. The posture of each man spoke for him.

"They are 400 to 10," said Yankee as he looked around him. "We have seventy bullets, and we must kill seventy of the enemy. After that—"

"What?"

"We must die fighting with our machetes. We will make a rush for it and die fighting."

"But if we could send word to Gomez?"

"He has 200 men with him," answered the leader, with a laugh. "If he had a thousand, would of us to penetrate the Spanish lines and notify him? A bird could fly over them, but a fox could not make his way through them. No, my comrades, it is the end. We have fought long and well. It only remains to die without shame. Whenever you see a target plant a bullet into it. We must have seventy men for our ten. It will take them till noon tomorrow to get a cannon here. Now to work."

The Spanish maintained a hot musketry fire all the afternoon, but their bullets were thrown away. It was more for more effect than any hope that the lead might reach any of the defenders. On the contrary, the trapped men fired only when they had a human target within range, and not a

bullet was wasted.

The night passed quietly. There was no earthly show for the Cubans to escape through that cordon, and men were under arms all night to repulse a sudden rush. When morning came the fusillade recommenced, and at 11 o'clock the firepiece arrived. There had been no firing from the Cubans for the last three hours. Their last cartridge had been expended.

"This will be the way of it," said Yankee as the men gathered around. "We shall first be summoned to surrender. If any one of all of you want to take advantage of that, well and good. You will probably be shot with in half an hour, but there is a bare possibility that the Spanish may keep faith with you. Any one want to try it?"

There was a murmur of dissent from every man.

"Very well. We will reject surrender. They will then open fire. Whichever they use solid shot or shell, they will batter down these walls like paper. Get the barricade at the door ready to throw down. I give you five minutes, and then we will give our old battle cry for the last time and have at them. Your firing was so good that I have scored off seven for each man, but we can get one more apiece in the rush. We shall go under, but we have comrades who will know how to die."

Under a flag of truce they were summoned to surrender, but the ten answered with cheers of defiance. Then the cannon opened fire, and at the third discharge the barricade was thrown down. His dispatch was checked and a rush. The useless guns were left behind. It was a rush, a melee, a mad whirl of fighters, and then all was over. The ten had got another man apiece and more. Their comrades had been in the thick of the battle days after; we read of it in the papers after weeks had gone by. All of us said the same. It was the way to die for Cuba.

Where the weeds grow rank and the hideous land crabs scurry about unchecked and unafraid there is a grave for nine. Some strange fragment of sentiment caused the Spanish commander to give the tenth man a grave by himself. "He finished his work by erecting a headstone he might have written thereon, 'Here lieth a man who went wrong, but in death he would not have found the spot.'

His Happy Return. It was Old Home week, and the returned sons and grandsons had been telling with more or less pride of the changes time had wrought for them. At last Edward Jameson spoke:

"I went away at twenty-two, twenty years ago a poor young man, with only one solitary dollar in my pocket. I walked the four miles from my father's farm to the station, and my father begged a ride to Boston on a freight car. I went with him, and he had behind a spirited pair of horses, and my purse—guess how much my purse held in money today, besides a large check."

And Mr. Jameson looked about him with a brilliant smile.

"Fifty dollars," he said. "A hundred!" shouted the boys, filled with admiration.

"No," said Mr. Jameson, drawing a large flat purse from his pocket when the clamor had subsided, "none of you has guessed right. When I had paid the 25 cents to Ozy Bochs for my refreshing drive in the coach I had, besides my trunk check (which I retained for financial reasons), exactly 4 cents. I have come back, my friends, to stay."

Any little jobs of saving and splitting will be gratefully received."

Comparative Strength of Materials. Cast iron weighs 444 pounds to the cubic foot and an inch square bar will sustain a weight of 16,500 pounds; bronze, weight 525 pounds, tenacity 3,600; wrought iron, weight 480, tenacity 78,000; aluminum, weight 168, tenacity 23,000. We are accustomed to think of metals as being stronger than wood, and so they are generally speaking, if only pieces of the same size be tested, but when equal weights of the two materials are compared it is then found that several varieties of wood are stronger than ordinary steel. The best steel castings made for the United States navy have a tenacity of 65,000 to 75,000 pounds to the square inch. By solidifying these castings under great pressure a tensile strength of 80,000 to 150,000 pounds may be obtained.

River Funerals in Germany. The river Rhine, which runs through Berlin, has a habit of almost continuously overflowing its banks. As a result the lowlands beyond the city, called Spreewald, are almost always under water in summer and covered with ice in winter. Much of the summer traffic is done on skates and with sledges. The postman delivers his mail either in a boat or on skates, the children skate to school, and the ladies go to market on the water wagon or on the ice.

Even the dead are carried along the river to their last resting place in a coffin resting on a bier in a boat covered with flowers. The hearse is paddled by two of the undertaker's assistants. In the first boat following are the clergymen and the family, and the usual long line of coaches is supplanted by a long line of boats. These are paddled sometimes by men, sometimes by women, but always by some of the friends of the deceased. These water funerals are very picturesque as they avoid their way through the temporary channels caused by the overflowing Spreewald.

Remarkable Fortress. In the northern part of Madagascar is the most remarkable natural fortress in the world. It is occupied by a few tribes who call themselves the People of the Rock. The fortress is a lofty and precipitous rock of enormous size, 1,000 feet high and eight square miles in area. Its sides are so steep that it cannot be climbed without artificial means. Within it is hollow, and its only entrance is by a subterranean passage.

A Chinese Maxim. When the word is maxims, the plow bright, the prizes empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temples worn down and those of the law courts grass grown, when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback and the men of letters drive in their own carriages, then the empire is well governed.

If a man laughs always, set him down as foolish; if never, as false.—Balthasar Grecian.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON X, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 3.

Text of the Lesson, Nov. 17, 7:30. Memory Verse, Ps. 138:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Copyright, 1905, by American Bible Association.

The life of Nehemiah illustrated the meaning of his name, "The Comfort of Jehovah," for in the midst of all his difficulties and discouragements—and they were very many—he did find his joy and strength in the Lord. Having returned to Jerusalem, accompanied by captains of the army and horsemen and with authority to obtain what was necessary to rebuild the wall of the city, he spent three days quietly investigating before he told the rulers of the Jews or the priests what he had come for. It is wise as a rule not to talk to others about your affairs, but it is always safe to consult Him who is always safe to consult Him who sends you about everything and then whatever He says (Prov. iii, 5, 6, John ii, 5). It is instructive to note Nehemiah journeying with an escort and Ezra without one, and God was with each of them. In the New Testament story Barnabas sold his property and put the money in the treasury, while his sister Mary kept hers and made it a house of prayer. We must not follow others, however wise and good their ways may be, but follow "Jesus only." Our hand in His and our whole being His disposal, we should say, as Nehemiah did: "The God of heaven, He will prosper us." "Our God shall fight for us" (ii, 20; iv, 20). The adversary is always grieved when any one becomes specially in earnest in the Lord's work, and he will do his utmost to hinder, but there must be neither fear nor compromise on the part of the servants of God. All that is required of us are a mind to work and a readiness for any manner of service, and then God will surely accomplish His pleasure. Observe that those who built this wall were goldsmiths, merchants, apothecaries, vintners, etc. (iii, 8, 12, 32), not unlikely people to build a stone wall, but because they had an aid to work and God was with them they prospered, and the work was finished in spite of all their enemies, and God was glorified. Because the work was done by those who naturally had no talent for service, their enemies had to confess that the work was wrought of God (vi, 15, 16).

We must never forget that there are always enemies seeking to injure us and to hinder the work—in fact, a great advantage to destroy us. We must ever be on guard and pray as did these builders (v, 9). See Jas. iv, 7; i Pet. v, 8; Eph. vi, 10-18; Mark xiii, 33-37. When there are weak and discouraged ones among the Lord's own people, "Let us build" (ii, 10), matters are worse than if there were only enemies without. Such were the ten spies because of whom all Israel became discouraged and were kept in the wilderness many years (Ex. xvi, 31-33). "A hundred!" shouted the boys, filled with admiration.

"No," said Mr. Jameson, drawing a large flat purse from his pocket when the clamor had subsided, "none of you has guessed right. When I had paid the 25 cents to Ozy Bochs for my refreshing drive in the coach I had, besides my trunk check (which I retained for financial reasons), exactly 4 cents. I have come back, my friends, to stay."

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WARSHIP MODELS.

One Is Made For Each New Vessel That Uncle Sam Plans.

Whenever Uncle Sam plans a new warship a miniature copy of it is made in advance exactly like the great vessel in all respects, but only five to eight feet long. This is done in order to find out exactly what the battleship or cruiser will look like when it is finished, for if any change seems advisable the fact may thus be ascertained before it is too late.

The little vessels are built in what is called the ship house in the navy yard at Washington from the original plans and model of wood are represented by steel. Every detail is reproduced on a scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot. They cost several thousand dollars apiece, and when they are finished they are gravely and anxiously inspected by naval officers, who discuss them from every point of view, making criticisms and suggestions.

Every ship now in our navy has made its first appearance in this miniature shape. Even the guns, artistically cast out of wood, are represented by iron. Every detail is reproduced on a scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot. They cost several thousand dollars apiece, and when they are finished they are gravely and anxiously inspected by naval officers, who discuss them from every point of view, making criticisms and suggestions.

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EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY!!

SAVE \$12.00

Your Cooking Range

THE DIGHTON

IS SOLD DIRECT FROM
FOUNDRY TO YOU
AND FREIGHT PAID

AN IRON-GLAD
GUARANTEE and
30 Days Trial

THE DIGHTON RANGES

COMBINE QUALITY, FINISH,
WORKMANSHIP
STYLE, DURABILITY,
WEIGHT, SIZE
AND EVERY
MODERN ATTACHMENT AND
IMPROVEMENT.
WE HAVE BEEN MAKING THEM
SINCE 1858. AND EVERY
YEAR A BETTER
RANGE. IF SOLD
FOR \$40.00 WE COULD MAKE IT NO BETTER.

\$40 Range FOR \$24.50

FOR \$40.00 WE COULD MAKE IT NO BETTER.

TUN FURNACE CO., NORTH DIGHTON, MASS.



MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

Makers and Retailers of the

Best Clothing for Men and Boys

MEN'S AND BOYS' HABERDASHERY

Fine Custom Tailoring for Men and Women

Washington St. BOSTON

A SAVING FROM

\$5 to \$10

ON EVERY OVERCOAT or SUIT

Coming from Wholesale Clothing business, we offer our stock of high Grade Clothing at retail to the purchasing at wholesale prices.

NOTE THESE PRICES:

Suits or Suits that we sell for \$7 to \$8, the retailer would ask	\$12
Suits or Suits that we sell for \$9 to \$10 the retailer would ask	\$16-18
Suits or Suits that we sell for \$10 to \$12 the retailer would ask	\$18
Suits or Suits that we sell for \$12 to \$16 the retailer would ask	\$25
Suits or Suits that we sell for \$16 to \$20 the retailer would ask	\$28
Suits or Suits that we sell for \$20 to \$25 the retailer would ask	\$35 to \$40

ALL THIS SEASON'S MAKE

KLEIN & CO.

173 Summer Street
BOSTON

Wholesale District. Open Saturday evenings until 10. Up one flight.
Elevator.

Christmas— What?

FOR LADIES

and Beads, Brooches,
Jewelry Pins, Necklaces,
Handy Pins, Necklaces,
Buttons, Lockets,
Bangles, Thimbles,
Rings, Hat Pins,
Spectacles, Bags, Belts,
Shoes, Opera Glasses,
and Jewels.

W. H. PATTERSON WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches,
and Silverware

173 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

National Bank of Woburn.

IN LIQUIDATION

Meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Woburn, for the election of a Board of Directors, and of such other business as may legally come before the said Board of Directors, will be held at the Bank, Tuesday, JANUARY 9, 1906, at 2 P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

National Bank.

Meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank, for the election of a Board of Directors, and of such other business as may legally come before the said Board of Directors, will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1906, at 2 P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

To Let.

For a desirable tenement to let at a low price, apply to

F. A. HARTWELL,
88 Pleasant Street.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward Woburn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate by Mary Ames Carter, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix thereof, and without giving a surety on her official bond; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of December A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice hereof, by publishing the substance of each week, for three successive weeks, in a newspaper published in the Woburn, the last publication to be on day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing good copy, or delivering copy of this citation to all known persons interested in said estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Ezra W. Woburn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate by Eunice K. Montgomery, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix thereof, and without giving a surety on her official bond; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of December, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice hereof, by publishing the substance of each week, for three successive weeks, in a newspaper published in the Woburn, the last publication to be on day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing good copy, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Notice of Change of Corporate Name.

WE, J. J. Williams, President, and James Doberty, Clerk, of St. John's Parochial School Corporation of Woburn, a Corporation organized under the laws of Massachusetts, located in Woburn, do hereby give notice that said Corporation has changed its name and adopted the name of St. John's Parochial School Corporation of Woburn, Mass., which shall be its legal name.

J. J. WILLIAMS, President.
JAMES DOBERTY, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., December 7th, 1905.

Racing the Wildcat

By CLAUDE SISON

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That Keswick, after a college course, should return to Vandon and take a place as motorman on the Vandon and Arverne trolley line was a little more than a nine days' wonder in Vandon, where the Keswicks had lived for half a century.

Great promises had been made to Renton Keswick's behalf when he decided to take a portion of his father's insurance money and complete his college course, and he was confidently predicted that he would make a name for himself in the city beyond when his four years should be up. Instead he had quietly returned to his old home and had applied for and obtained a place as motorman on the new line just completed to Arverne.

Even Horace Cusick had been somewhat surprised at Ren's request to be put on a car. "We could use you here in the office, Ren," he suggested as he saw him around in his office chair.

"No, thank you," was Renton's quiet rejoinder. "I want to know something about trolleying before I sit in front of a roll top desk, and I guess the front platform of a car is as good a place as any from which to study."

So Cusick had let him go, and that evening when Dorothy Cusick remonstrated with him for not doing better by the son of his old friend he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Dot," he said kindly, "for your sake as well as for the sake of poor Tom Keswick I would have been glad to put the boy to work in the office, but a college education has not spoiled him, and I give him the place for which he asked."

Dorothy, blushing to find that her secret was known to her father, fled to her room, and after that the subject was dropped so far as the Cusicks' household was concerned.

Vandon was more interested, however, and there were many who freely remarked that if Ren Keswick could do better than a motorman's job after all that schooling it would have been better had he lost himself in the city.

Meanwhile Ren stuck to the motorman's box, and in a short time he was regarded as the best operator on the road. He knew every curve and grade in the eighteen miles of track, and his car was never late, because no matter what the delay he knew how to follow the work and come up to the Vandon station on time.

Once when there had been a break at the power house which left the line powerless from the line for twenty minutes he had reached the accommodation from the brook crossing to the station and had beaten it by three minutes. It was an eight mile run from the crossing to the station, but he had made his car never late, because no matter what the delay he knew how to follow the work and come up to the Vandon station on time.

Dorothy was a frequent passenger on the car, and it was natural that she should avail herself of her father's power to ride on the front seat with the motorman. If she happened to take the car on which Ren was the motorman it certainly had the appearance of an accident, and not even Vandon talked about it—it was surprising.

Those rides were precious times to Renton as he stood at the controller and nursed the heavy car over the tracks. Once when he had been late and was hurrying to make up his time she had looked up with glowing eyes as he helped her down the step.

"I'd just love to be with you some time when you are making a fast run," she smiled, and he, smiling back, laid the car over his head, and she replied:

"If I ever have to make a fast run I'll let you know."

She was talking of his promise as they sped toward the town one evening in August. There had been a dance at Arverne lake, and Dorothy had not early to meet her father. A celebration was being held some thirty miles up the road, and her father was among the invited guests. They were coming home on a special train, the governor and his staff and a hundred others.

The train was due at Vandon at about the same time as the special, and Dorothy had left the party early in order to be home to meet her father.

Once or twice Ren had let out the car on level stretches to see her eyes flash with excitement and had crept along the harder parts to keep his schedule even.

They were taking it easy along the stretch by the creek when, as they approached the railroad, they spied a headlight up the track.

There was plenty of time, and rather than take chances Ren stopped on the near side of the crossing and rested on the seat a moment as the light drew nearer.

As it flashed past there was a cry from Dorothy. In the moonlight she saw that there was no one in the cab. "Did you see?" she demanded excitedly as she grasped Ren's arm.

"Runaway," he assented.

"The train," she gasped. Ren's face grew red.

"There was a construction camp up the road, and he recognized this as the engine of the work train. There had been threats made by the governor at the crossing, and the governor had been by some of the foreign labor agitators and they had probably sent the engine adrift in the hope of obstructing the track and wrecking the train.

If the fire burned down it would come to a halt on the track, and if the engine of the special did not see it there would be a wreck. If the fire kept up steam, there might be an even more dangerous collision while the engine was in motion.

Ren turned to the conductor. There were but the three on the car. "Don't lose the wire," he shouted as he turned toward the front. He bent over Dorothy. "Hold tight!" he cried. "Here is your fast run!" and he turned on the current.

For a moment there was a whirr as the motor gained speed, and then they were off. Ren knew that he must reach the station before the special left or there would be no hope. In another moment they were running at top speed, and the car swung and rattled as though it would leave the track. But Ren knew every dangerous spot, and the car sped along, slowing down at the curves just enough to hold to the rails.

The going rang almost constantly at the crossings, but there was little traffic, and they had a clear road through. Once or twice a teamster pulled up suddenly and swore as the rush frightened his horses.

Dorothy's eyes blazed with excitement as she clung to the seat. She guessed why the run was being made,

and even her fear for her father did not spoil her enjoyment of the speed. She had confidence in Ren.

At last they were in the village and were speeding up the street. He slowed up as much as he dared, but he could hear the panting of the engine and knew that the special was already in the station. There would not be a long stop, and he gritted his teeth as he threw on full power again, for in the distance he heard the rattle of the wildcat.

One glance showed him that the engine of the special was below the one sliding this side of the station. There was no time to back and throw open a switch. The engine would be upon the train before anything could be done.

He satisfied himself of this and made up his mind quickly. He shut off the power and ground down the brakes, stopping in the center of the track. He sprang to Dorothy and, catching her up in his arms, jumped from the car and staggered away from the track.

Another instant and a crash told that the wildcat had run into the car. He set the girl down and turned to see. The engine had been there completely off the track, and the special was safe.

In a daze he received the congratulations showered upon him until he heard the president of the railroad company speaking.

"We are going to put in several trolley lines," he was saying, "and we want just such a quick witted chap as yourself as general manager."

He looked at Dorothy, and Dorothy's eyes said to herself: "She had been along with me when I was seeking perfection for just such a post as this, and they were to be married when he had won."

A Story of Carnegie the Boy.
"I once visited Dunfermline, Mr. Carnegie's birthplace," said a Chicago man. "They told me there a story about him that illustrated the tenacity and perseverance of his childhood, his bulldog determination to ride down every obstacle and reach the end."

"It seems that at the little Dunfermline school the master called Andrew up one day and asked him how much seven times nine was."

"The boy, unable to hit on the answer immediately, began to go over the entire table:

"Twice nine is eighteen, three nine is twenty-seven, four times nine is thirty-six, five—"

"But the master interrupted him impatiently.

"No, no," he said. "Give me the answer straight off."

"After some thought the boy again:

"Twice nine is eighteen, three nine is twenty-seven, four times nine is thirty-six, five—"

"No. Straight off," repeated the master.

"Haud yer gob, man," the boy cried passionately. "Ye've spoilt me twice, so ye want to spoilt me a third time?"

Growth of the Hair.

The hair is not like plants. It is nothing more than a mass of dead cells of skin, or, rather, papillae, as they are called, which grow in their proper places under the same conditions as the nails on the finger ends. The hair papillae do not lie on the surface of the skin, but are sunk some or less deeply into it, more deeply as the hair is longer, so that long hairs adhere in a deep sac. The number of these hair papillae of course varies considerably with different people, but for each individual there is a certain number and cannot be increased any more than can the number of one's finger nails.

The number of hairs depends on the papillae; consequently if there are no papillae there can be no hair. Moreover, the number of these papillae is constant, so that the idea of increasing their number by clipping the hair must be abandoned. The growth of the hairs depends rather on the well being of all the papillae, but they are constant, and no matter how they are cut, they will grow back to their original length in both good and evil days.

First Letter Carriers.

It is not clear that the letter carriers were regularly employed before 1753, when tradition tells us that Benjamin Franklin, the new postmaster general, employed them in Philadelphia and possibly in New York. The earliest evidence we have is of 1762, when the Philadelphia postmaster advertised that his "boys" had run away and that patrons must call for their letters at the postoffice. The Postal Journal of Hugh Finlay, a storehouse of sound information, tells us that Boston had no letter carrier in 1773. Of New York he says that "soon after the arrival of a mail the letters are quickly delivered by a runner," which means messenger or letter carrier.

A Diplomatic Answer.

Admiral Drake when he was at the beginning of his first engagement was observed to shake and tremble very much and, being rallied upon it, observed with a presence of mind, or, at all events, of humor, in which even Nelson was lacking: "My flesh trembles at the anticipation of the many and great dangers into which my resolute and undaunted head will lead me."

First Treaty of Portsmouth.

The first treaty of Portsmouth, N. H., was signed July 11, 1713, the contracting parties being belligerent Indians and the whites. The news of the treaty of Utrecht, which ended Queen Anne's war, reached the city Oct. 25, 1712. The treaty was formally signed on the above date.

Learning a Lesson.

Judge—You are charged with assault and battery. What have you to say? Prisoner—Not a word, yer honor. It was sayin' too much got me into this scrape.

Quite a Feat.

Judge—What your car off? Mrs. Black (wishing to protect her husband)—I did it myself—Exchange.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him.

How Do You Write One Billion?

There is one sum expressed by the Arabic numerals upon which the American and the English mathematicians have never been able to agree, the exact number of nines to be used in expressing the sum of 1,000,000,000. In this country as well as in France and several other European nations a billion is a thousand millions and is expressed with a figure 1 and nine noughts—thus, 1,000,000,000. In England, however, they speak of a billion as being "a million millions" and in writing it with Arabic characters always use a figure 1 and twelve noughts—thus, 1,000,000,000,000.

There Is a Difference.

A mediator is a person who fails in his attempt. The mediator who succeeds is a mediator, but a hero—Dunbar Herald.

ABC-JT PUSH BALL.

How This Very Interesting Game Is Played.

Push ball is played on a gridiron field, or goal 12) yards long by fifty wide, with goal posts at either end and twenty feet apart and connected by a line of seven feet from the ground. The mammoth ball, almost globular in shape, should measure six feet in diameter and weigh between forty-eight and fifty pounds. It is usually inflated with compressed air.

The ball is placed in the middle of the field, and the teams line up as follows: Five forwards on the forty yard line, two left and two right wings on the twenty yard line and two goal keepers on the goal line, eleven in all.

At the sound of the referee's whistle both sides plunge at full speed upon the ball, and then the fun begins. If the ball is caught fairly between the two human battering rams there is a rebound from its elastic sides that sends the players sprawling like tenpins.

It does not take long, however, for the entire twenty-two men to get around the sphere, put their shoulders to the wheel, so to speak, and push for every ounce of energy in their bodies. The engine has been started, and the heavier, stronger team will, of course, have the advantage, but some trick plays have been invented which lead variety to the game and redeem it from being a featureless contest of brute brawn and muscle.—National Magazine.

WHEN YOU ARE SICK.

An English Literary Prescription for the Doctor During Convalescence.

For reading during convalescence the British Medical Journal prescribes literature that cheers but does not enervate, and warns writers recovering from illness against persons "whose style is that of George Meredith, puts constant strain on the understanding of the reader, or like that of Maurice Hewlett, irritates by its artificial glitter, or like that of Marie Corelli, annoys by its frothy impertinence." Dickens should go well during convalescence, except "Pickwick," at least in surgical cases, because of the many lively splitting episodes which would play havoc with the union of parts.

For the same reason, in order that healing granulations may not be interfered with, Mark Twain's works are absolutely interdicted.

"Smiles' Self Help" is quite innocuous," says the learned journal. "But we should be cautious in recommending it in order that the patient may not be led to meditate over a mispent career and to have suggested to him all the opportunities in life he might have grasped, but did not. A despondency might be the result of reading it, which would delay a restoration to health, and which might even prove fatal. Thackeray, except 'Vanity Fair,' which is a pessimistic book, should go very well; 'Pennywise' and 'Barry Lyndon' will certainly entertain."

SKULLS FOR CUPS.

Barbarous Custom of Fierce Tribes of Northern Europe.

The barbarous custom of converting the skulls of enemies into drinking cups was a common one in ancient times among the fierce tribes of northern Europe and was not unknown to the people of the more civilized regions farther south. The Italian poet, Marston, in his poem, "The Skull of the King," tells us that the king of the Goths used to drink from the skull of his enemy, and in his "Wonder of a Kingdom" Torment makes Dalkar say: "Would I had ten thousand soldiers' heads, their skulls set all in silver, to drink from!"

Thomas Middleton, a dramatic writer of the early part of the seventeenth century, is believed to be the originator of the phrase, "A soldier's drinking cup," as applied to a human skull. In "The Witch," one of his most celebrated plays, the duke takes a bowl, which he is told is a human skull, whereupon he exclaims:

"Let us do our duty. Our duty is to drink from the skulls of our enemies. I pledge you, though the cup was once my father's head, which as a trophy we keep till death."

One of the delights of the humors, as represented in the old Scandinavian legends, is that of drinking to drunkenness from the skulls of vanquished foes.

Let Us Do Our Duty.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, in the street, in the office, in the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that the humors of us are serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world—Theodore Parker.

Progressing.

"How is your daughter getting along in physical culture?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Goldrox.

"Fine!" replied Mrs. Goldrox. "She's got so she can read an write it now, and the professor says she's going to give her Latin and chiropody next month. I think them foreign languages are fine, don't you?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Long Evening.

"It's hard on the people of Greenland to have night six months long."

"Yes. Just think of the feelings of the poor man whose mother-in-law drops in to spend an evening!"

A Case of Mist.

The Clergyman—My little man, do you go to church every Sunday? Bobbie—Yes, sir. I'm not old enough yet to stay away.

Work and Talk.

Generally speaking, it is true of women as of men that those who think most say least. Woman's talkativeness is the result of her sedentary occupation. Tailors, shoemakers and weavers—all men who sit close at their work—have, in common with women, but a tendency to great talkativeness.—Kichter.

The Word Cigar.

The word cigar occurs in a German dictionary for the first time in 1813 and in the Dictionary of the French Academie in 1835. Kant used the word "zigaron" in 1798. In Spain at the present day the word "cigarro" means a cigarette for which the Spaniards have the word "pitillos." Their name for a cigar is "un puro."

Her Hope.

Julia—I was taken for twenty-five to-day. I am only eighteen. Julia—What will you be taken for when you are twenty-five? Josie—For better or worse, I hope.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 17.

Text of the Lesson, Mat. III, 1-12. Memory Verses, 5-10 Golden Text, Mat. III, 1-12. Questions Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We should be very grateful that the committee is led to give us an occasional opportunity to study prophecy, but some teachers would be more grateful for larger opportunity in this direction, inasmuch as prophecy is a light in a dark place, to which we do well to take heed in our hearts lest our Lord come to our foolish for neglecting so important a part of His word (1 Pet. I, 10; Luke xiv, 29).

The greatest of all names in Scripture is Jehovah, which is used about 7,000 times and reveals to us God, the Creator, in relation to man in righteousness and redemption. God in Christ, Jehovah-Jesus, who was and is to come. The name may be recognized in the words LORD and GOD whenever so printed—e. g., all in capitals. In our authorized version it is only translated JEHOVAH in four places—Ex. vi, 3; Ps. lxxviii, 18; Isa. xli, 2; xxvi, 4—and the Revised Version does not improve upon this, but the American Revised, which all scholars admit gives the meaning of the original better than any other translation of the Holy Scriptures, has given the name of Jehovah in its place in the Scriptures to which it has an unquestionable claim. See it used forty-eight times in this one prophecy. When we remember that "God is love," see how, even in this name, love overtops all other topics in the Bible, and see in chapter I, 2, that the burden of the word of the LORD to Israel is, "I have loved you." Compare Deut. vi, 6-8, and see in John iii, 16; I John iv, 8, 16, and similar sayings a new light constraining you to praise God for such amazing love.

Israel neither knew nor believed the love which God had to them, and so they turned away from Him to worship idols, the works of their own hands, yet He sent them messengers after messengers, but they would not believe. He loved them, yet they would not love Him, and if possible, win them back to Him, that He might bless them in the eyes of all nations and bless all nations through them. In this last prophecy He tells them of their future, and of coming to judgment and yet assures them of His unchanging love (ch. ii, 6) and sets before them a glorious future if they will repent. The prophets all pointed to a greater prophet who should come, who would be also a priest and a king (Deut. xviii, 15; Jer. xxxi, 31; Isa. ix, 6; xxxiii, 1, 17; Jer. xxiii, 5, 6; Zech. ix, 9, 10; Ex. xiv, 16; but he was to have a herald to prepare the way before him. See Isa. xl, 3-5, as well as our lesson.

We know from Matt. iii and Luke iii that John the Baptist was the herald, and everything in the life of Jesus proved that He was the promised Messiah of Israel, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

On earth, in humiliation, He was a prophet. Now at the right hand of God He is our great High Priest, and at His coming again it will be seen that He is a great King and His name dreadful among the nations (1, 14). John the Baptist was rejected, and Israel fulfilled, and crucified her Messiah and shall not see Him again till they shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord (Matt. xxii, 12; xxiii, 38, 39). Then, acknowledging Him and receiving Him, verses 3, 4, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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General Barry

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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The colonel's daughter was paying her first visit to a national guard encampment and had voted it the jolliest affair imaginable.

"Everything's so knowing and awfully," commented the girl with herself as she lay in her cot the morning after her arrival. "The officers all talk so freely to the others when they're marching! They say 'Fort arms' on a regular 'Tremble, villain,' tone. And some of those common soldiers are nice looking too."

Fearing to miss something of the picturesque camp routine, she arose and dressed noiselessly. Her parents were still sleeping.

The sun was just rising over the hills to the right as she stepped to the tent opening. In front of her, his back turned, a sentry stood at right angles to the entrance of the tent. Some distance to the left, at brigade headquarters, a group of men in khaki clustered about the fieldpiece and the tall flagstaff. A trumpeter stepped out from among them. The sun glinted on his instrument as he raised it to his lips. Then sharp and true, a little melody followed by the distance, came the mellow notes of the reveille. "I can't get 'em up! I can't get 'em up!" called the bugle merrily.

The group about the gun fell into orderly lines. A huge puff of smoke gleamed like silver as it swept across the grass. Boom! While the echoes were still resounding over the lake the regimental band struck up a quickstep. The gun crew moved reverently, the stars and stripes slowly mounted the staff and another day of camp life had begun.

This little tableau over, the girl's eyes turned to the sentry in front of her with a gleam of approval in their depths. His shoulders were broad, his campaign hat had the angle of a true soldier, and the buckling cape of his overcoat reminded the colonel's daughter of a picture of Paul Revere. Stealing through the dewy grass until she was scarcely a yard away, she said softly, "Good morning, Mr. Soldier."

The sentry turned so quickly that he nearly dropped his gun. "Grace!" he cried ecstatically. The tone of his voice and the light in his eyes caused the girl to recall a step while she blushed adorably.

"Just one little kiss, sweetheart," went on the young man. He had not forgotten his drill regulations in the presence of this most distracting bit of femininity. His rifle was at "port," as the book says it should be when the sentry is holding conversation with another person.

"Why, Tom, the very idea," came the saucy answer. "Right here on this hill top in plain sight! I don't believe I would even under the tent fly." Still, there was no suggestion of panic in her leisurely retreat.

But the sentry did not, as expected, pursue her to the friendly fly. "I can't leave this path," he gloomed.

"Oh, indeed! And why?"

"According to general orders I am to quit my post only when properly relieved," he quoted.

The girl tossed her head and pursed her tempting red lips. "All right, Tom Kennedy, if any old general is more to you than I!"

There was a third of her hoofs up the parade ground, and General Barry rode up. The young man whose case of Second brigade, and as he swung gracefully from his horse he looked the part thoroughly. The general was young, handsome and unmarried. It could be seen that officer and enlisted man had one point in common. Both loved the colonel's daughter.

"Good morning, Miss Grace. You're up with the birds." Then to the sentry, who, having presented arms, started to resume his beat, "Hold my horse, orderly."

The sentry was an astute young man. He knew that the general had divined something from the manner of the interrupted conversation. The request was merely to humiliate him before the girl. Yet his manner was respectful, even meek, as he came to port arms again and replied, "I'm not the orderly, sir; I'm sentry on this post."

"Well, hold the horse, anyway." The regulations couldn't require me to," was the composed reply.

General Barry's anger arose as a gleam of merriment kindled in the girl's eyes. "Nevertheless I command you to do it."

The sentry apparently was deeply regretful. "General orders say that I shall receive, transmit and obey all orders from and allow myself to be relieved by the commanding officer, the officer of the day, officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only. You're not any of those, sir."

"Indeed!" was the sarcastic response. "And if you know your general orders so well, how about the one which says 'to hold conversation with no one except in the proper discharge of my duty? Hold this horse or I'll put you in the guardhouse!'"

The sentry's reply was to resume his beat. Almost bursting with rage, the general took a couple of steps forward, but as the relief came plodding up the hill he decided, a smile of triumph on his face, to await its arrival.

"Corporal," he said sharply to the noncommissioned officer in charge, "place that man of the guard off!"

The corporal saluted. "Why, sir?"

"He was impudent, and he refused to hold my horse when asked."

"If he was disrespectful you can prefer charges, sir. You're not of our brigade, are you, general?"

"No, but what of it?"

"Then you had no right to ask him to act as orderly. General orders say, 'To receive'."

"Hang general orders!" was the officer's explosive interruption. "You refuse to obey too? I'll have you reduced to ranks!"

"All right, sir," came the cheerful reply. "I'm Corporal Kelly of B company, Second Infantry, if you don't happen to know. I'll fall in, Kennedy. Relief, forward, march!" And the grinning files straggled down the hill.

"Pardon me, but 'General Orders' seems to have defeated General Barry this morning," smiled the girl.

"And General Barry will do his best to turn defeat into victory," was the grim response as the man climbed into the saddle.

The general cursed himself for a fool as he galloped back to his tent. A desire to punish the sentry for his presumption in speaking to an officer's daughter had not caused his outbreak as much as a desire to appear well before the girl.

He had met her the winter before while she was visiting in his home town. The general in private life was a successful young attorney who had believed himself too busy to fall in love, but at sight of Grace he had capitulated. During the fortnight of her stay he had made ardent love and did not doubt that in time his suit would be favorably received. The girl liked him, for he was frank and handsome and not quite spoiled by success. Yet there was a barrier to her heart which he could not pass. She would not allow him to visit her at the little city where she lived, and he was forced to be content with the half promise that they might meet at camp, and straightway Randolph Barry began to count the days which must elapse before the campment.

Yet their meeting on the evening of the first day had not been encouraging. The colonel's daughter had greeted him as she did her other friends. And this second interview! He ground his teeth as he thought of his folly. An hour later he laid his version of the encounter with the sentry before Major General Goodwin, commander of the two brigades in camp.

"Have a drink, Barry," urged his superior when he had finished, "and you'll probably feel better."

"Those boys under arrest for that?"

"This confounded young Kennedy was impudent, I tell you," snarled Barry. "He's a pretty soldier, quoting general orders to me when he was disobeying them. I'll have him sent to the guardhouse just to square myself with Grace Van Tuyl." He clicked his spurs viciously.

"Can't make regulars out of these fellows in ten days, the conciliating reply. 'Discipline is all right in moderation. We can't shut down on 'em real hard. Why, this man Kennedy owns a factory down in Trenton. He's got dead loads of money. I'm surprised he was as decent as you admit he was,' and the general's eyes twinkled.

"Jim," returned Barry very earnestly, "I've got to see him court-martialed. I know Miss Van Tuyl well, and, and—"

—he hesitated a moment—"it makes a difference what she thinks of me. You understand?"

General Goodwin was silent a moment. When he spoke, he had dropped the half bantering manner which had marked the interview on his part. His tone was kindly and sincere. "I understand, and I'm sorry—sorry I can't accommodate you, and for another reason. Tom Kennedy's my nephew, my sister's kid, and I've got to see him through. I told him he could have a difference with me, but he wouldn't stand, and I'm sorry—sorry I can't accommodate you, and for another reason. Tom Kennedy's my nephew, my sister's kid, and I've got to see him through. I told him he could have a difference with me, but he wouldn't stand, and I'm sorry—sorry I can't accommodate you, and for another reason."

"I believe I'll take that drink, general," he said, with an assumption of his old gay manner. "I seem to have been routed with loss by General Obedience, and his aide, General Cupid. I drink!"

He removed his hat gallantly and clinked glasses with his superior—"to the future Mrs. Kennedy, God bless her!"

Watch the Thumbs.

A physician in charge of a well known asylum for the care of the insane said: "There is one infallible test either for the approach or presence of lunacy. If the person whose case is being examined is seen to make no use of his thumb, if he lets it stand out at right angles from the hand and employs it neither in salutation, writing nor any other manual exercise, you may be sure that the patient is insane."

The young man whose case of Second brigade, and as he swung gracefully from his horse he looked the part thoroughly. The general was young, handsome and unmarried. It could be seen that officer and enlisted man had one point in common. Both loved the colonel's daughter.

"Good morning, Miss Grace. You're up with the birds." Then to the sentry, who, having presented arms, started to resume his beat, "Hold my horse, orderly."

The sentry was an astute young man. He knew that the general had divined something from the manner of the interrupted conversation. The request was merely to humiliate him before the girl. Yet his manner was respectful, even meek, as he came to port arms again and replied, "I'm not the orderly, sir; I'm sentry on this post."

"Well, hold the horse, anyway." The regulations couldn't require me to," was the composed reply.

General Barry's anger arose as a gleam of merriment kindled in the girl's eyes. "Nevertheless I command you to do it."

The sentry apparently was deeply regretful. "General orders say that I shall receive, transmit and obey all orders from and allow myself to be relieved by the commanding officer, the officer of the day, officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only. You're not any of those, sir."

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 24.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. ix, 1-7.—Memory Verses, G. 7.—Golden Text, Matt. i, 21.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association.] Our last lesson was entitled "Preparation for the Messiah," and this is "The Character of the Messiah," but it might be more appropriate to call it the nature or manner of His kingdom. The great topic of the Scriptures is the kingdom of God, which will have Israel for its center, Jerusalem for its capital, the Lord Jesus Christ for its king and the whole earth as its territory.

When He came in His humiliation as the Son of Mary He fulfilled many prophecies and brought the kingdom nigh, so that He said, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," as said also John the Baptist and the twelve and the seventy. But because they rejected and crucified Him the kingdom was postponed till He should come again, and then He will fulfill all the prophecies which are as yet unfulfilled, or, according to Acts iii, 21, the heaven must receive Him until the times of the restoration of all things whereof God spake by the mouth of His holy prophets which have been since the world began. During the present interval of His rejection as Israel's Messiah and the Father's right hand as our great High Priest, the great head of the church, His body, which is now, by the preaching of the gospel, being gathered out of all nations and being trained to reign with Him when His kingdom comes. In such a lesson as this we must note its primary reference to Israel and her Messiah, and then gather the heart lessons for ourselves. The first of the commandments spoken out of the fire and written upon tables of stone forbade the worship of any other god but the one only living and true God who brought Israel out of Egypt. Israel's great sin was the persistent turning away from their God to worship of false gods, and the nations shall turn to the Lord, but how awfully solemn the word in verse 20 that there is no morning for those who turn away from the word of God. Apart from the word of God, the end of this world is a gloomy future. The light of the world, the only true light, and in Him is no darkness at all. The darkness which is abiding in darkness and in the shadow of death, should easily see in all believers something of the light, for He has said: "Ye are the light of the world."

"Let your light shine before men," Matt. v, 14, 16. Where the Lord Jesus is truly received, sorrow and sighing and unrest give place to rest and joy and gladness (Isa. xxxv, 10; Matt. xi, 28, 29, foretastes of the kingdom when there shall be no more adversary nor evil occurrence, and the nations shall learn war no more (4 Kings v, 4; Isa. li, 4).

The expression "as in the day of Midian" suggests the supernatural way in which God wrought by His angels in the day of the great battle, and the enemy set every man's sword against his fellow. The birth of a soul, the gathering of the church, the conversion of Israel, the coming of the kingdom, are each and all wrought by the power of God, and so also is the life that the redeemed are expected to live here on the earth in this time of our humiliation. The zeal of the Lord must do it all or else it will not come (verse 7). The whole Bible story centers around Him who is called the seed of the woman, the seed of Abraham, the Son of David (Gen. iii, 15; xxii, 18; Matt. i, 1; Gal. iii, 16). Concerning Him as "the child born" of verse 6 of our lesson, it was foretold that He should be born in Bethlehem, and also that He should come out of Egypt (Mic. v, 2; Hos. xi, 1), and so it came to pass (Luke ii, 1-4; Matt. ii, 15). He came to Manasse in Judg. xiii, 18, margin, and His name was "Wonderful," as also Jer. xxxiii, 17, where the word "hard" is just the same word translated "wonderful." In Jer. xxxiii, 19, and Isa. xlviii, 29, He is said to be great and wonderful in counsel. Compare Ps. cxviii, 8, margin, and Jer. xxxiii, 11. In John i, 1, we read that "the word was God" and in John xiv, 9, we hear Him say, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." When His Kingdom comes it shall be seen that the work of grace and righteousness and the service of righteousness and assurance forever (Isa. xxxiii, 17). Then it shall be seen that "the throne of David" means just what the prophet said and that Gabriel said to Mary, "Thou shalt conceive and bear a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord of the throne of the Father." The kingdom cannot be broken, and as truly as He was born at Bethlehem and came out of Egypt and all the Scriptures concerning His humiliation were literally fulfilled, so shall all prophecy be fulfilled in the same literal manner. Take heed lest He say to you, "O fool, and slow to believe all that the prophets have spoken" (Luke xvi, 25). The same person who will rule the world in righteousness and peace, Jesus Christ our Lord, will accept the government of the life, including all the affairs of each of His redeemed ones, if He is only permitted to do so.

The Point of View.

"It all depends on the point of view," he said reflectively.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, by way of illustration," he answered, "there's Mrs. Jones next door who sings all day long. Looking at it from one point of view, we say, 'Happy woman!' and from another, 'Unhappy neighbors!'"

Such Friendly Friends.

Maudie-Jack Higgins has been calling on me for nearly three months. I expect a proposal soon. Clara—Oh, Jack never rushes things! It was at least five months before he proposed to me.—Chicago News.

Not Encouraging.

"But," said the persistent suitor, "if I were to prove to you that I would go to the ends of the earth for you?"

"First," replied the Boston girl, "you would have to prove to me that the earth really has ends, and that you know, is quite impossible."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Christmas Angel—Or His

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By Sally Chamberlin

Copyright, 1904, by Sally Chamberlin

"Whom do you think I saw today, Susan Strong?" said Ned, with his winning smile, as he walked into the room of his invalid sister at the end of his day's work.

"Eleanor Carrington," replied Susan promptly.

Surprise overspread his beaming countenance.

"That's exactly who it was, but how in time did you guess?"

"A sort of second sight, my invalids have, dear boy," answered his sister. "The moment you appeared around that curtain a sensation swept over me which I always used to have when I saw her standing across the aisle in church with her magnificent bearing and her calm, Madonna-like face."

"Susan, dear, why did you come too soon?" cried Susan in mock dismay. In reality her heart was sinking with very joy.

"Eleanor," said the man without moving from the doorway. "She stooped to pick up the wreath, and when she stood up once more her color had been back and her composure was perfect."

"We were just finishing a little surprise for you," she said, offering her hand and meeting his glance squarely, "but I don't think you deserve it. You haven't played fair, Ned. His glance wavered from her face to the invalid's room, and then he turned away, trying a refractory bow in a doll's hat. Eleanor went on quietly.

"You might at least have told me why."

"I couldn't." His voice was very low. "I did not dare ask you to wait."

She drew her breath sharply. "And yet you must have known."

A minute later Ned Strong bent over his sister's couch. The refractory bow had come to time. She looked up into his face with shining eyes.

"Susan, dear, you're our Christmas angel."

Stork Legends.

In an old collection of nationally stories entitled "The Gospel of the Stork," printed at Bruges in 1475, this passage occurs: "When a stork builds her nest over a chimney it is a sign that the proprietor shall have wealth and long life. In that neighborhood the stork protected buildings against lightning. It is a holy bird, and in certain German towns the arrival of the stork, heralds of spring, was announced with joyous blasts by the watchman on the tower. When it flew over the house, the people would shout, 'The stork is here!'"

Legends go still further. They consider storks as the incarnation of departed souls. In that metamorphosed capacity they have for mission to search the bottom of wells for the souls of newborn infants. In the whole of northern and central Germany they have their baby wells. Hamburg, too, had her baby wells. This old belief, with its origin in ancient mythology, which represents the stork, jointly with the peacock, as the favorite bird of Juno, goddess of maternity.—French of Maurice Engelhardt.

Beetle With Maxine Gun.

One of the instructors of a big university led the way to a small box, smiling with pride as he did so. "I want to show you a rare species of beetle," said he.

The beetle, which was a burnished blue, with a red head and red legs, lay partly hidden under a stone. The instructor advanced his finger slowly. The beetle watched, watchful and inquisitive. It did not move, but the insect, and then—puff, a cloud of blue smoke shot out, and under cover of this smoke the beetle made a rapid retreat.

"Isn't that marvelous?" the instructor said. "An insect that can raise an entire puff after puff—can fire an entire gun—nineteen or twenty to the minute. No wonder he is called the bombardier."

This bombardier beetle is rare. He has in his body certain glands secreting a liquid which, on contact with the air, has the curious property of turning into a smoky vapor. The vapor is his defense against bigger beetles. Hidden under it, he seeks a new retreat."

Died on the Stage.

In 1833 Edmund Keen was acting the part of Othello. He had uttered the words, "Othello's occupation is gone," when he fell into his son's arms and died just strong to whisper, "I am dying; speak to them for me!" and was heard by the orchestra. In 1850 Mrs. Glover took her last benefit, but was almost unconscious all the time she was on the stage, and died three days later. In 1852 Harley while playing Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was struck with paralysis immediately after having uttered the words, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." He had to be carried off the boards and died within a few hours.

His Friendship.

At a national business meeting of a country church in the western part of the state several of the brethren spoke of the annoyance caused at the Sunday services by the habit in which some persons indulged of spitting upon the floor, especially in the neighborhood of the pulpit, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The pastor suggested that if they had a couple of cuspidors in the church perhaps the annoyance might be lessened. Whereupon a good deacon arose:

"I move that Brother A. and Brother B. be appointed as cuspidors for the ensuing year."

Answered.

"Why are you yawning?" inquired the landlady of little Johnny at the table.

"I always yawn when I'm hungry," was the reply.

"But what do you do when you are sleepy?"

"Go to bed."

Curiosity.

Irate Parent who has been trying to satisfy John's curiosity on every known subject under the sun—Now, Johnnie, if you ask me another question I'll whip you on the spot. Johnnie (whose undying curiosity overcomes even the dread of punishment)—Wh-wh-what spot, papa?

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only once did Susan, whose little girl that she was, refer to Ned.

"If you happen to see Ned, don't tell him about this, will you? I don't want him to know until all the dolls are finished, and then we'll have a dress parade. Maybe when he sees the work he won't hurt me, he—he will let me do something to help him—pay the bills."

Eleanor Carrington looked past the invalid, through the window, into the clear winter sunlight as if seeing a faraway picture.

"I do not think there is any danger of my seeing your brother."

But she was wrong. She saw him the very next day, when he came home earlier than usual. She had brought some lolly to deck Susan's room, for Christmas was drawing near, and she had brought a beautifully embroidered dressing sack for the invalid also. Susan was tying the bow at the throat of her dignity gown, and surveying herself in a small mirror. Eleanor was hanging a holly wreath above the dressing table, when she swung around suddenly, the gay wreath rolling to the floor. In the mirror she had caught sight of Ned's smiling, amused face. He was standing in the doorway.

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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1905.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

The city officers-elect are to be duly installed and the administration of 1906 inaugurated on next Monday, Jan. 1, 1906. The usual ceremonies will be observed.

If character and clean politics count for anything, important changes and reforms in the conduct of public affairs at City Hall may, with confidence, be looked for by a deeply interested community with the opening of the New Year. These were promised by the Republican leaders and spokesmen during the recent campaign, and taxpayers are expecting that the promises will be kept.

It is believed that wholesome changes and reforms will be inaugurated immediately after Mayor Lincoln is seated in the chair, and continue for a twelvemonth, at least. The new Mayor and Council will at once find a good opening for the pruning knife, but the scene of its first operations we are unable to point out.

However, the Executive and Legislative branches of the city government will be manned by first-class business talent next year, and we have no serious doubts but that they will remember their campaign promises, and keep them to the letter.

THE INAUGURATION.

Invitations to attend the inaugural ceremonies of Governor-elect, Curtis Guild, Jr., have been sent out. The ceremonies are to take place in the State House, Boston, at 12 o'clock, noon, Thursday, January 4, 1906.

The restricted space for them precludes a general invitation to the public.

RESIGNED.

Mr. W. G. Parkin has resigned from the Board of License Commissioners, and Mr. Enoch H. Curtis has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

President Tuttle and Vice-President Hobbs are maturing a plan for pensioning employees of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company at the expiration of a term of service to be determined on. Considerable time will be required to get it into working order, but it will come. The old engineers and conductors think well of the scheme, which is sure to become popular with the thousands of men employed by the Company.

Albert F. Converse, Esq., is to be City Solicitor under Mayor Lincoln's administration, if nothing occurs to interfere with the present programme. Which seems to indicate that the administration is to be non-partisan.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mann & Co.—Wanted.
H. M. Aldrich—Executive Notice.

Days have lengthened 3 minutes. Noticed?

Did anybody ever before see such splendid December weather?

An art light ornaments the new Common street fountain.

The Christmas trade in Woburn last week was the best for years.

Angelo Crovo's Christmas trade in fruit, etc., was a record breaker.

Miss Florence Dade is visiting in New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

The inaugural ceremonies are to be held in the Council Chamber on Jan. 1.

The annual ball of the Woburn Council, K. of C. is to be held this evening.

The Journal received more Christmas presents than ever before in its life.

We embrace the present opportunity to wish everybody a "Happy New Year."

The Pierce Drug Co. report a bigger Christmas business last week than ever before.

The most important question just now before the meeting is: Who is to be City Auditor?

L. W. Standish of Stoughton, won the Hammond turkey, which weighed 19 pounds.

Mrs. Minnie Nichols of N. H. is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds.

A luncheon is scheduled for the afternoon of Jan. 31, in the Unitarian vestry, by the Woman's Club.

Supt. Begley got up a great dinner for the people at City Farm last Monday. No need to say it was enjoyed.

Captain and Mrs. John Gilchrist partook of Christmas goose with their daughter, Mrs. Fred R. Slater, at Somerville.

Charles R. Carter passed a pleasant Christmas at the home of his father, Mr. R. Carter, and family, on Main street.

A heavily burdened handsome Christmas Tree delighted Miss Marion Taylor at her home, 23 Pleasant street, last Monday.

Mr. W. W. Crosby of Passaic, N. J., came home to spend Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Florence Crosby of Court street.

Lawyer John Moore, son of Mr. Thomas Moore, enjoyed a "Merry Christmas" and a royal good time with his family here.

Bishop Lawrence is to preach in Trinity Church at 7 o'clock next Sunday evening. He will doubtless have a large audience.

Crawford says his trade in ice-cream and candy the closing days of last week was the largest he ever had at Christmas time.

Mayor-elect Lincoln is to be installed in the Chief Executive's chair next Monday afternoon, Jan. 1. May we all be there to see.

The Woman's Club Gentlemen's Night is to be held on the evening of Jan. 19. The managers think it will be a pleasant social event.

— There were dances and parties to kill in this town on Christmas day and night. It was "merry" enough to suit the most fastidious all along the line.

— The next lecture in the Barben Course is to be given by Dr. John C. Bowker, whose theme will be "Japans," on next Tuesday evening, Jan. 2.

— The Republican members of the incoming city administration are to hold a caucus this evening at Republican Headquarters to block out plans for work.

— High School Class '01 held a reunion in Concert Hall last evening, the particulars of which came to hand too late for publication in the JOURNAL this week.

— A select holiday gurdy party will be given by the Sons of Veterans and Club in the Auditorium on Tuesday evening, Jan. 2. A good time is assured.

— Mrs. L. W. Patten of this city, who has been dangerously ill of pneumonia at the home of her son at Taunton, is better and her recovery seems to be assured.

— The Woburn Machine Company have bought the J. T. Freeman Co. machinery plant on Main street, which closes a business establishment of long standing.

— Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Crovo visited Mrs. Crovo's parents and family at Carleton last Tuesday and Wednesday, which visit gave the worthy pair much pleasure.

— Rev. Dr. March delivered an excellent address at the Congregational Christmas Sunday School concert on Sunday evening. When did he ever make a poor one?

— Interesting Christmas services were held in St. Charles Church on Monday. There was good preaching, fine music, and the vesper services at 7 o'clock were equally entertaining and well attended.

— City Clerk Finn is safe in his present office. No new administration can oust him for a couple of years yet, anyhow. Miss Lizzie J. Caloun, one of the best there is, will continue to be his right hand man.

— Miss Gladys Aldrich goes back to her pedagogical tasks in Brockton next Monday, after a pleasant holiday season with her parents. She is a teacher in the High School of that city, and highly prized as such.

— Up to Wednesday evening, date of receipt of latest report, there had been no good, safe skating on Horn Pond and its vicinity. True, the boys and girls dare the rough thin ice, but to do so is far from judicious.

— Walter S. Cushing died at his home in Malden last Tuesday night. He was a native of Skowhegan, Maine, a nephew of Mrs. Amos Cummings, and for several years a salesman in the Monroe clothing store, this city.

— Next Monday it will be in order to renew old pledges and make new ones for 1906. It will be the day for turning over new leaves and correcting objectionable habits, if any of our readers happen to have a few of them.

— Don't, for a moment, harbor the notion in your heads that all the nice things for holiday presents were sold off in the merry Christmas time. The stores are filled with them for the New Year, and they are all appropriate and beautiful.

— The Highland Orchestra concert takes place Monday evening, Jan. 2, 1906. The talent includes Miss Marie L. Sandberg, soprano, the talented Swedish singer of Boston and Mr. Charles Williams, reader, also of Boston. Tickets are now on sale.

— Mrs. Strout came up from Belfast, Maine, a few days ago and is visiting the family of her son, Mr. Charles M. Strout on Montvale avenue, and friends in this city. Her age is well toward 90 years, but, fully recovered from a late severe illness, she is smart and apparently in her prime.

— It is understood that doubt, uncertainty and anxiety increase in intensity every day among the office holders at City Hall as the installation of the new government approaches. A few, it is said, lay the flattering unction to their souls that the Guillotine will pass them by; but just wait and see!

— Mr. Robert H. Derrah, the wide-awake and progressive Passenger and Advertising Agent of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway Companies, remembered the JOURNAL in a handsome and generous manner Christmas Day. He has a warm heart and open hand for the poor and needy.

— The leather factory of F. Chandler Parker & Son at 32 Sturgis street is experiencing a business boom and turning out more leather than ever. Machinery and men were never busier than now at that long established factory. Other establishments in this city, outside of the Trust, are doing a rushing business. This is especially true of the morocco factories.

— The other day our esteemed contemporary on the upper outskirts of the town gave an appreciative review of the military services of comrade Joseph W. Field in the Civil War. The same "valuable sheet" is tinted strongly that J. E. Boutwell's Burlington fox hunt was, at least, a partial failure. "Tell it not in Gath, nor let the sound reach Askelon," meaning the Ingleside Gun Club.

— The Ladies' Charitable Society and Alliance Branch of the Unitarian Church will meet on Thursday afternoon, January 4, 1906, at five o'clock. Supper will be served at 6:30 o'clock, followed by an address on "The Boston Post Office," by Hon. George O. Hubbard, postmaster of Boston. There will be other speakers and Mr. Henry Taylor will sing. All are cordially invited.

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— Mr. Hinkley is a graduate of the Mass. Institute of Technology, and has been engaged in Western railroad work as Civil Engineer for several years.

— Probably blinded by the headlights James McCafferty, 55 years old, of 13 Eaton street, Winchester, undertook to cross the street railway track in Montvale last Monday evening, with the result that he was hit by the car, of which Mutch was motorman, and had one of his hips and a foot badly injured, besides receiving internal injuries. At the Massachusetts General Hospital, to which he was immediately conveyed, his chances for recovery were considered hopeful.

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— The good books, the handsomely printed poem, the "Gibberish," and "Gibberish," were more acceptable than words can express, and we hope he will receive our thanks for them as heartily and gratefully as they are hereby tendered.

— The funeral of Mr. John W. Francis took place last Saturday afternoon, the officiating clergyman being Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational church in this city. Crystal Fount Lodge conducted I. O. O. F. services, the deceased having been at the time of his passing away its oldest Past Noble Grand. Although the weather was unfavorable the funeral was generally attended by relatives and friends, and the services were solemn and impressive.

— Mr. Francis was born in Boston, not in Kittery, Maine, as stated by us last week; but he lived for years in the latter place. The family have the sympathy of this community in their bereavement.

— The second recital by the Woburn and Rosindale pupils of Miss Elith Hall was given in Old Fellows Hall, Saturday evening, December 23. The pupils were assisted by Miss Helen Sylvester, reader, and Miss Alice Lock, the soprano soloist of Trinity Church. Miss Locke has won great appreciation of late in her recitals.

— The execution of the pupils was excellent and Miss Hall is to be congratulated upon their ability and thorough work. The following pupils and others took part in a carefully selected and pleasing programme: Alice Ray, Miss Hall, Mary Teuney, Evelyn Buckman, Iuz Davis, Alice Locke, Ruth Prior, Blanche Rogers, Florence Rogers, Colia Whitely, Helen Sylvester, Gertrude Clement, John Bone.

— Mr. Edwin C. Cotton, who last summer severed his connection with the Y. M. C. A. of a principal Michigan city after several years of successful and appreciated service as General Secretary, has lately become General Secretary of the National Y. M. C. A. where he and his wife (Elsie R. Francis) have taken up their residence. They came here to attend the funeral of Mr. John W. Francis, the father of Mrs. Cotton, who died on Dec. 20. Mr. Cotton is an enthusiastic and devoted Y. M. C. A. worker, and has held the office of Secretary in several leading Associations. He is first of the opinion that something of the rich men of Woburn could build a grand monument to be gratefully remembered by than to give \$50,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building in this city. That is true. Who will be the rich man to do it?

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— Among those prominently connected with this show are Frank M. Doherty, Thomas Kearns, William Rupp, John Mahoney, John Bradley, Joseph Kenney and Bernard Doherty, with the following young ladies: Della McLaughlin as "Kathleen," Rose McLaughlin, Elizabeth O'Donnell, Edith Doherty, Elizabeth Cullen, Alice and Rose McLaughlin.

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— The School Board held their final meeting of the year last Tuesday evening. Considerable cleaning up business was attended to, and the proceedings were marked with the customary courtesy and harmonious action.

Miss Webber of the Cummings school had her leave of absence extended to the close of the school year. The resignation of Miss Hall was accepted. Miss Patten was transferred from the second to first grade.

Miss Florence Eaton, after much friendly discussion, was accepted to fill vacancy in the Ransomford School.

A cordial vote of thanks was tendered Mayor Rade, Chairman of the Board, to which the Mayor graciously and feelingly responded.

Compliments, notices and action thereon were offered by Mr. Bean of the good work of the retiring members, Messrs. Riley and Bixby, who have served continuously 12 and 13 years respectively, which were appreciated by those gentlemen, and replied to by both have made the very best of members and have done much for the benefit of the schools.

The annual report of the Superintendent of Schools showed 59 schools, 73 teachers. Children under five years, 19; over 15 years, 295; between 7 and 14, 1948—total 3007. Daily membership, 2816; average, 2622; per cent attendance, 93; tardy, 193; corporal punishment, 168. The school census showed 3388 children between 5 and 15 years, a gain of 15 over last year.

The support of schools for each child of daily membership was \$20.68, which included all except for erection, repairs and improvement of buildings.

The State Board report says the average for the State as a whole is \$29.63, or \$8.95 more than average of Woburn. The cost per pupil of whole State 40 per cent more than cost per pupil in Woburn. The total expense of the Evening School was \$555.18, or \$5.07 per pupil.

Sept. Clapp's annual report contains many valuable suggestions. Messrs. Richardson and Dow will take their seats on the Board with the beginning of the New Year.

Christmas.

Last Monday was Christmas. It was supposed to have received due consideration all over the Christendom. Its message is: "Glorious to God in the highest; Peace on earth; Good will to men."

The weather was superb. Never since the laying of the cornerstone of the foundation of things were the sky, the air, or pure sunshine vouchsafed so much on Christmas Day. He who found fault with such things as these, must have been discovered, must have been a person at odds with the world and its good things, but he was not in this city last Monday.

Christmas services were held in the churches all over the city. In the churches, altars, chancelers, singers—generally—were handsomely decorated with holly, mistletoe and pine; the music was of the Christmas type, and the spirit of Yuletide pervaded all of them. There were Sunday School concerts in the churches, and the children were dressed in their best, and the stockings were hung to receive the Christmas presents on Monday morning.

A few churches and Sunday Schools on the festival day instead of on the Sabbath.

On Saturday evening the last opportunity for buying Christmas presents was given. It was improved by nearly everybody, and the stores and shops were thronged and the streets crowded with people intent on getting their share of the Christmas goods.

To the question of the Christmas question asked the traders on Tuesday morning, "How was your Christmas business?" the answer was, "Good, as these." "Never before so good," "Grand," "Sold all out," "Grand," and among them all there was not one discordant note.

For all which if any gentleman or lady should have a story of the Christmas story, the most popular of the Christmas stories, it will be produced at the Castle Square in a new version by Combs Carr.

The promise of a Dickens drama at the Castle Square Theatre has aroused much interest and expectation. Next week that promise, made by the management of the present season by the Castle Square Theatre, will be fulfilled with the production of a new dramatic version of "Oliver Twist."

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Woburn's Lowest Price

PRICES THE LOWEST.

The Compliments of the Season

To Our Patrons.

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ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY

BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 131-2 Telephone 113-2

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over \$700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

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This Is The Time Of The Year

That our show cases fairly gladden with hundreds of gift suggestions in gold, silver and jewelry. There are Rings, Brooches, Scarf Pins, Lockets, Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, etc., in an infinite variety of rich and beautiful designs. There is hardly any thing that could be thought of in the way of jewelry gifts for maid or man that is not here.

35 years a Jewelry Store means that we can guarantee to you that our goods are the same in quality as in the past.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
A Jewelry Store since 1871.

FREE PUBLIC LECTURES IN THE CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund

Founded Oct. 7, 1892 by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation.—John W. Jensen, Maria E. Carter, William H. Carter, Mrs. John G. Maguire, L. Waldo Thompson, William Beggs, Frances W. Hill, J. F. DeLoria.

SEASON OF 1905-6.

The lectures given by this fund are free to the public, but no one will be admitted to the hall except upon presentation of a ticket. A limited number of Special Tickets for each separate lecture, commonly called "rush" tickets, will be issued in the same manner as the regular tickets (by mail) and may be applied for any time prior to seven days before the particular lecture to which the applicant may wish to attend. These tickets will entitle the holder to any vacant seat after 7.35 p. m., or 5 minutes before the commencement of the lecture.

The course of the 13th season will consist of 5 lectures as follows:

Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1906. Subject: "Japansia." Dr. John C. Bowker

Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1906. Subject: "Mrs. Harriett Bishop Waters." Subject: "Story of the Early Missionaries."

The Course will be held in Lyceum Hall.

Doors open at 7.30 P. M. Lectures begin at 8 P. M.

Address all communications to the Burbeen Lecture Committee, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 2, 1905

Storage

For Furniture, Merchandise, Carriages, &c.

Houses For Sale and To Let.

Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

C. E. SMITH, 439 Main Street

To Ladies

1. Your husband knows us—your brother knows us—your father knows us—your son knows us.

2. Now we want YOU to know us, too.

3. THEY know us because we make their clothing.

4. We want YOU to know us for the same reason—because we will make YOUR clothing; and we will suit you as well as we suit them.

5. Our department devoted to LADIES' TAILORING is a relatively new one with us.

6. Our supply of cloths is complete, our cutters are experts, and our workmanship is at the upper limit of excellence.

7. We invite YOU, madam, to come in and make acquaintance with the details—in your own interest.

Macular Parker
Custom Tailors for Women
400 Washington Street, Boston

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ezra W. Wentworth, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WILLIAMAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Eunice K. Montgomery, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

First National Bank of Woburn.

(IN LIQUIDATION.)

The Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, in liquidation, for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Room, on Tuesday, January 9, 1906, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn National Bank.

The Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the Woburn National Bank, for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Room, on Tuesday, January 9, 1906, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

China and Glass Ware

Sold at one-third off regular price.

Discount Tables of Holiday Goods

Splendid Bargains 10c., 17c.

Free demonstration of Bromangelon for the week commencing Jan. 1st.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Literary Notices.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE begins the new year with a number filled with American activity and decency. From the first article telling of the daily life of probably the most consistently active man in the country, the President, to the editorials at the end which preach the gospel of decent, upright living, there is not a page bare of either instruction, appeal, or healthy entertainment. Lincoln Steffens writes of Mayor Mark Fagan of Jersey City. Ray Stannard Baker presents the third article of his series, "The Railroads on Trial." Henry Beach Needham is an article illustrated with rare portraits and photographs of Mr. Roosevelt tells of the routine of the President's life, of the marvellous amount of work he manages to accomplish in a brief time, and of the diversity of his interests. Stewart Edward White begins in the January number a new series of short stories, woven together by a slight chain of narrative, with the title "Arizona Nights." George Reedy, Chester has scored again in "Quarantined Rivals," which appears in the January McCLURE'S. Then there is Ellis Johnson's Book, another sort of story with real pathos; "The Heart of the Lady Across the Aisle;" and Why Riffles Deserted, a strong story of the American occupation of the Philippines. The poems of this number are "Song," "The Old Times," and A Colloquy. There is an editorial on the True Opportunity of the American Youth, and another on the Durable Satisfaction of Life, in which is quoted President Eliot's address to the undergraduates at Harvard at the opening of the University last fall.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of William Woodberry, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself the duties of said office. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same, and all persons in said estate are called upon to make payment to

MARY C. WOODBERRY, Executrix.
December 29th, 1905.

HAPPINESS.

The Ambition of the Seeker and Where It Led Him.

In the sunrise of life a youth said: "I will attain greatness. I will mount to the high places, above the groveling throng, and wealth, power and happiness shall be added unto me!"

In the flush of the morning he strove for all those things. At high noon he had acquired wealth, and in the afternoon power and fame came to him. It was as he had said, save that he, with the generations of men, found no happiness. There had been friendship and smiles and hand clasps and embraces, but none of these things secured for him the thing he sought.

In the evening he sat by an open grave and pondered. Wayfarers saw him there and wondered much. "He is one of the mighty of earth," they said. "He has lands and tenements and goods. He has friends and servants and fawning sycophants about him. Though we seek in vain, he must have found happiness."

They could not know that his palaces sheltered blasted hopes, that tares grew in his gardens, that the acclaim of the mob jangled harshly in his ears. They did not see his yearning, the dead dream within him, the ashes in his heart.

His search had ended at an open grave. He drew his mantle about him and descended into it, while the passing throng swirled by.

At last, and without his knowledge, he had found that happiness which he long had sought.—New York American.

A POPGUN PLANT.

Witch Hazel Shoots Its Seeds Away Ten or Fifteen Feet.

Do you know that the witch hazel shoots its seeds ten or fifteen feet? If you want a brand new sensation, bring home some branches of witch hazel having both flowers and unopened seeds on them and put them in vases. The pods burst at the most unexpected times, waking you with their hard, shiny, black seeds. Branches should be used for a party must be selected with care to be sure of having perfectly fresh flowers and seed pods that have not opened. If it is needed, do so, cut them the same day they are needed. If they must be cut the day before they are needed, put them in a cold place in water and wrap a damp cloth around the branches in order to prevent the flowers from withering and to keep the seeds from being expelled too soon.

There will be great excitement when the seed pods open with a snap and the seeds come pattering down. It is well to rehearse this performance, for natural objects often refuse to "show off" when you want them to.—Country Life in America.

The Fly.

The fly's capacity for crime is extended by its strength, which is relatively nearly seven times that of a horse, for it can lift twenty times its own weight. It can absorb enormous quantities of oxygen and, in fact, a confirmed oxygen taker.

The reprehensible habit of walking upside down on the ceiling, to which the fly is addicted, is due to its habit of walking on its feet. It is a hollow body in its feet, and the fly, too, has an evil eye, which is divisible into several other eyes. It has also 1,700 or 1,800 parts all connected with the olfactory nerves and therefore possesses complete equipment for detecting unsound meat, such as is given to no other living creature.—Lecture of H. Hill in London.

Novel Desert Bath.

One of the wonders of the California desert is the hot sand bath, famous from the times of the first Spanish pioneers. The surface water is only a few inches deep. Beneath is black sand, constantly in gentle motion. The bath is not touch bottom. His body sinks to the shoulders and with the aid of a crossbar of timber is thus sustained in a position of perpendicular flotation. The temperature is just as warm as can be comfortably borne, and the sensation, like that of soft massaging, is delightful.

John Brown's Cottonwood.

One day in 1857 John Brown rode up to the Beaton place near Edinburgham, Ayrshire, Scotland, and dismounted. He carried in his hand a sword which he had cut from a cottonwood tree. This he tossed aside, and later Mrs. Beaton stuck it in the ground at the back door of her little house. It is now a huge tree and is known in the neighborhood as "the John Brown cottonwood."—Ayrshire Herald.

What Interested Him.

"What interested me most in my travels," said Henckes, "was the mummification of a queen I saw in Egypt."

"Wonderful, eh?" asked his friend.

"Yes, it's wonderful how as is given to make a woman dry up and stay that way."—Philadelphia Press.

Lesson Learned in War.

The importance of removing all unnecessary objects from the decks of men-of-war was emphasized on board the Japanese Mikasa, on which twenty-three men were killed or wounded by the fragments of an optic telegraph that had been hit by a bomb.

THE CITY MAN.

His Lot in Life Compared With That of the Farmer.

According to the National Magazine, "men in the cities work twice as hard as the farmers, and they get few or no holidays. Thousands and thousands of professional men, clerks and men in small business enterprises delve and toil and eat live and sleep and the end are carried out to the cemeteries without having had any more leisure or enjoyment in their lives than a horse on a treadmill. But the city man is as narrow as a case knife." This is not the farmer's view of the city man, whom he sees only during vacation, when the city man is taking a brief and much needed rest. The farmer sees him sporting his "glad rags" and mistakingly imagines him to be all the year round on his idle butterfly, consuming the produce of the horny handed son of toil. The truth, it is held, is that the city man, as a rule, is the harder worker and gets much less enjoyment out of life. He longs for the rural scenes and occupations of the farmer; his dearest hope is to get back to the country to spend his last years. A few of the city folks make a big lot of money and get their follies and misadventures in some scraps of land, the great majority of city toilers live a very monotonous and stupid as well as a very laborious and poverty stricken life. The farmer, it is concluded, has the "real thing," while the city man has only barren aspirations and disappointments. The contented farmer is not only the wisest but the happiest of mankind.—Baltimore Sun.

SLAVERY IN CHINA.

Slave Cruelty Meted Out For the Most Venial Offenses.

Says an editorial in the Peking Times: "The position of the slave girl in a Chinese home is a very hard one as a rule. These slaves are generally the property of the wife, and no one interferes with the mistress in her treatment of the poor little things, who will as often as not be subjected to the most savage cruelty for most venial offenses. These slaves are generally the property of the wife, and no one interferes with the mistress in her treatment of the poor little things, who will as often as not be subjected to the most savage cruelty for most venial offenses. These slaves are generally the property of the wife, and no one interferes with the mistress in her treatment of the poor little things, who will as often as not be subjected to the most savage cruelty for most venial offenses."

"Our informant thinks a word in public, showing that the incident has been noticed, may suffice to check the cruelty without lodging a formal complaint with the municipal police, which might make matters worse for the poor little sufferer in the long run."

The Vocal Cords.

Vocal performers rejoice on the vocal cords. When they are stretched, so narrowing the exit from the air passage, the voice is high pitched. When they are pulled widely asunder the voice is deep. When they are flaccid the voice is hoarse. Of course, the cords vary individually in pitch and resonance, but power is always affected by the state of the general health, and, broadly speaking, loss of nerve tone is more often responsible than anything else for vocal weakness. Fast living, mental strain and similar conditions occasion such impairment of the nervous system. Breathing foul air, especially air saturated with tobacco smoke, is bad for the cords.

Temperature and Butterflies.

Some remarkably interesting experiments are reported from Zurich showing the effect of temperature on the development of species among butterflies. The experiments have been continued through a period of about fourteen years, and it is found, for instance, that the common small tortoise shell butterfly if subjected to warmth of from 33 degrees to 35 degrees centigrade develops into the variety found in Sardinia, while those bred in a temperature of from 4 degrees to 6 degrees produce the Lapland variety. Similarly the application of heat produced the Sardinian form of the swallowtail butterfly, and the Syrian form of the Apollo.

The Highest Bedroom.

On the western coast of Maine is the highest bedroom in the world. It was built for Alpinists who have been overtaken by a storm on the summit or have lost their way in the snows. A large camp bed occupies all the floor of the room, and can contain twenty-two persons. Every stick and stone had to be carried up by porters from Chamonia. The work of construction, which lasted two years, was dangerous to the workmen. During its erection the building was dismantled twice and filled with snow nine times.

The Peach and the Vegetarian.

"Can't see why you're so smitten with her."

"Why, because she's so deucedly pretty."

"Beauty's only skin deep."

"Well, great Scott! I'm no cannibal. That's deep enough for me."—Cleveland Leader.

A Golden Opportunity.

She-I bought you a shaving set today—razor, strap, mug and everything—such a bargain! He—But, my dear, I don't shave myself. He—Well, can't you learn?—New York Press.

Foiled Her.

"Promise me, Jack, that you will not go to the dogs just because I have refused you."

"Oh, pshaw, of course not."

"You mean thing!"—Life.

It Wasn't Art.

One of the best stories concerning the late George du Maurier is that about a pavement artist to whom years ago was a familiar object to frequenters of the Hampstead road. Du Maurier once dropped a coin into the poor man's hat. One old day the author of "Fribby" told him to leave his "pitch" and go to the model shop kitchen in Euston road to get some food. Du Maurier, for fun, said he would take charge of his hat. When the man was out of sight he rubbed out the pictures of dogs, soldiers, etc., and commenced sketching portraits in chalks of the society people he used to draw for Punch. Passing stopped to look and gave pause. When the man returned he was pleased to find so much in his hat but was sorry that his work had been destroyed. "This may attract some people, but it ain't art," he said to the author. Du Maurier as he commenced wiping out the society ladies and gentlemen. "Now, this pleases every one," he continued, drawing the picture of a soldier.—London Express.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Dominion of Man." 12 M. Morning School.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Dominion of Man." 12 M. Morning School.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Dominion of Man." 12 M. Morning School.

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GEORGE EDWARD PIERCE,
Funeral Director and Embalmer.
Night and Day Calls will receive Prompt Attention.

635 Main Street, WOBURN
71 Haven Street, READING
TELEPHONE 23-3 Woburn.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 24, by Rev. N. E. Richardson, Abner B. Jubber of Boston and Lena L. Latham of Woburn.

Died.

There, name, and age, inserted below, all other notices to cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 24, Fannie Matthews, aged 18 years, 18 days.

In this city, Dec. 22, Margaret McDonough, aged 22 years, 4 months, 23 days.

In this city, Dec. 27, William H. Richardson, aged 73 years, 8 months, 11 days.

In this city, Dec. 27, Elizabeth E. Barker, aged 82 years, 1 month, 27 days.

In this city, Dec. 19, Mary A. Snowden, aged 56 years, 1 month, 1 day.

In this city, Dec. 26, Ellen May LeBaron, aged 1 year, 1 month, 3 days.

In Flatw. N. H., Dec. 22, Admah D. Poole, aged 69 years, 8 months, 21 days.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
WOBURN

MISS DORA A. WINN
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
October 1, 1905.
6 Highland Street Woburn

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
October 3d, 1905.

12 Franklin St., Woburn
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

MRS. ANNIE S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYVALE LEWIS
PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.
1 Maxwell Road, cor. Mystic Ave.
WINCHESTER, MASS.
Unitarian Vestry, Woburn, Saturday, 10-12, 2-4.

Banjo, Mandolin
—AND—
Guitar Instruction
GIVEN BY
MISS EMMA FOSDICK,
2 Black Horse Terrace, Winchester

Lessons given day or evening.
Special attention paid to beginners.
Electrics from Woburn go right by the Terrace.
Tea connection.
N. B.—Miss Fosdick will receive and give instruction to pupils from 2 to 5.30 each TUESDAY afternoon at No. 11 Winn street, Woburn.

Boston Blend
The fastest selling popular priced

COFFEE
on the market.

25c lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 100-5.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
605, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

To Let.
A small but desirable tenement to let at \$10 a month.
Enquire of F. A. HARTWELL,
28 Pleasant Street.

"1847" Rogers Bros.

"Silver Plate That Wears"

SPoons, Forks, Knives, Etc. have been made for over fifty years, steadily gaining in character of design, finish and general popularity, but best of all, the good old "Rogers" quality has been maintained. It would be hard indeed to improve upon the wearing qualities first exhibited by this brand, and which have made "1847 Rogers Bros." the most famous of all silverware. Do not experiment by trying something that has not stood the test of time. Buy "1847" goods, which have a well-known and well-earned reputation, and you run no risk. There are other "Rogers." The original and genuine has the prefix "1847."

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send to the maker for catalogue. No containing newest designs. See what the world says. MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

Christmas Candy

Large Toys Mixed Drops Mixed Kisses Cornucopias

NOTE—We make all our Xmas Candy.

CRAWFORD'S 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

Christmas

To receive your New Overcoat and Winter Suit before Christmas, they should be ordered at once.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, Woburn

HALL'S Hair Renewer

A high-class preparation for the hair. Keeps the hair soft and glossy and prevents splitting at the ends. Cures dandruff and always restores color to gray hair.

Administrator's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court within and for the County of Middlesex, dated December 12th, A. D. 1905, subscriber, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not at all ready administered, of Alexander White, deceased, of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, (estate, will, and public auction, the two parcels of real estate, both situated in said Woburn, on Wednesday, January 17th, A. D. 1906.

LOT 1. At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day in ten premises hereinafter described, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Second avenue, so-called, in said Woburn, containing, by estimation, about 13,729 square feet, bounded as follows, namely:—Northernly by said second avenue about six feet (66) feet; easterly by the second lot hereafter described about one hundred and eighty-one feet (181) feet; southerly by land now, or late, of Jonathan Carter about one hundred and eighty-one feet (181) feet; westerly by land now, or late, of Jonathan Carter about one hundred and eighty-one feet (181) feet; and by the first lot above described about one hundred and eighty-one feet (181) feet; and being the same premises conveyed to said Alexander White by deed of said Alexander White, dated May 15th, 1890, recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, Volume 26, Folio 56.

LOT 2. At half past two o'clock in the afternoon of said day on the premises hereafter described, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Second avenue, so-called, in said Woburn, containing about 13,729 square feet, bounded as follows, namely:—Northernly by said second avenue about six feet (66) feet; easterly by the second lot hereafter described about one hundred and eighty-one feet (181) feet; southerly by land now, or late, of Jonathan Carter about one hundred and eighty-one feet (181) feet; westerly by land now, or late, of Jonathan Carter about one hundred and eighty-one feet (181) feet; and being the same premises conveyed to said Alexander White by deed of said Alexander White, dated May 15th, 1890, recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, Volume 26, Folio 56.

MAUNDAY J. WHITE, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Alexander White, deceased, not at all ready administered, already admitted to said office, do hereby certify that the above premises are situated in said Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and are the same premises conveyed to said Alexander White by deed of said Alexander White, dated May 15th, 1890, recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, Volume 26, Folio 56.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Jonathan F. Long, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WILLIAMAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Margaret L. Long, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.

My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.
Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

HEATING BY HOT WATER

Has this advantage over other methods of circulating warmth? It can be run ANYWHERE and it is NOT NECESSARY to put the heater down into a cellar to induce the water to circulate. With heater and radiators on the same level it will circulate satisfactorily if properly installed. HOT WATER HEATING has other advantages too. ECONOMY. FUEL. EASE OF MANAGEMENT AND DURABILITY.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building, BOSTON.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 624 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

CONCEIT OF THE SOMALI.

He Feels He is About the Most Perfect Man in the World.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the natives of Somaliland is their unbounded, preposterous conceit. Englishmen who know their language have been appalled by it. When visiting his camel, or his horse the Somali encourages the animal to drink by chanting to it in a monotone. It is at such moments of extemporary effusion that the man shines in all his glory. The subject matter may be the experience of the day's march, the virtues of the animal beside him, the charms of his latest wife or his own prowess in some bloodless trial raid. By great good fortune the following literal translation of one of these chants or songs came into my possession, and I insert it without any comment:

"Will you see a man? Then behold me! I am a Somali, as perfect in size and form as Adam was after God had breathed into him his immortal soul. Look how beautiful my curly hair is and how majestic I look when wrapped from head to foot in my snow white or jungle colored robe, although there be sometimes only one pie (a small piece of money) tied to it. My horse is the desert, and I am the free man, free as the wind! I know neither king nor master. I am as Adam was—my own master and king. In the jungle I tend my camels and sheep. My only labor is to watch them feed. In my kareer as a warrior I have done all the manual work, while tending my offspring, and was to her if she forgets to prepare my evening meal. The jeda (whip) shall then have its turn to make her remember for next day. In such a state is any man happier than I?"—Golden Penny.

PROPERTIES OF GLYCERIN.

Decomposes if Heated Intensely and Crystallizes if Cooled.

One of the great advantages of glycerin in its chemical employment is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under any ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature less than 200 degrees F., but if heated intensely it decomposes with a small that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol. If heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited, it is nonexplosive, and the residue is a compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbons, carbon papers and the like.

If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a cold temperature, it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy, but these crystals being once melted it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state. If a little water be added to the glycerin, no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold, pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.

REFLOATING A SHIP.

Ingenuous Expedient Devised to Save the Steamer Flavian.

An ingenious expedient was devised some years ago to refloat the steamer Flavian, which struck on a ledge near Cape Race. She was fixed in an awkward position for tugs to work at her, and half her hull was submerged.

It was in the late fall, and proper salvage outfits could not be obtained from abroad in time to work under advantage, so a series of holes were cut in her sides below the 'tween decks and huge pitch pine logs passed through these apertures. Meanwhile two cottons, sixty feet long, twelve wide and as many deep, were been built at St. John's and, being carefully calked, were towed to the scene and allowed to sink by opening a valve, being then placed beneath the logs which passed through the ship and protruded on each side.

The water in them was next pumped out, and as they rose they caught the logs and fairly lifted the ship off the rocks, she being towed to St. John's with them, where her hull was repaired and she was ready to sail.

Earliest Theater.

What was probably one of the earliest theaters built was the theater of Dionysus, which was begun five centuries before Christ. The seating capacity of this remarkable building is said to have been 30,000, nearly four times that of our largest amusement palace. The theater of Dionysus was erected when Greek art and literature were in their prime. Here were presented to appreciative spectators the wonderful works of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides.

English Law of Arrests.

No arrests may be made in England on a Sunday except for treason, felony or a breach of the peace, and freedom from arrest at any time on civil process is a privilege enjoyed by members of the royal family and their servants, bishops, peers and peeresses and members of parliament during the sitting of parliament and forty days before and after each session.

Coughing Saves Your Life.

A cough is the response to a danger signal which says that something is irritating the delicate mucous membrane which lines the air passages leading to the lungs. This cause of irritation may vary, but in the common cough of winter it is some offending matter, which nature seeks to clear off and expel by means of the compelling cough lest it should block the bronchial tubes and cause suffocation. The sensitive nerves that belong to these vital tubes act as sentinels and send a message for aid to the brain, which at once responds to the call by dispatching orders to the chest muscles. These then contract violently with one accord and force out the air in a cough, which carries with it the cause of irritation.

Impediment.

Prose—Why don't you break the engagement if you find you no longer love him? Marjorie—I've just discovered that he wants to break it himself.—Puck.

The secret of education lies in respecting the pupil.—Emerson.

A Thackeray Story.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor tells an interesting story of Thackeray in her memoirs "On Two Continents." The Taylors met Thackeray in London soon after their marriage. Mrs. Taylor writes that she found "confirmed in his person the characteristics which I had guessed from his letters—a warm heart under the mask of scintillating satire. On the occasion of a small dinner which he gave us he said to my husband, after the gentlemen had rejoined the ladies in the drawing room: 'By the bye, I must give you a wedding present. What shall it be? Then going to an etagere he took down a silver inkstand and gave it to his friend, in spite of the evident displeasure of his youngest daughter, usually so amiable, who exclaimed with all the nativity of her fifteen years, 'Oh, not that one, papa! But papa gave no heed and a few days later sent us the gift with the inscription engraved upon it: W. M. Thackeray to Bayard Taylor, Oct. 27, 1857.'"

Freak Statue.

One of the most interesting freak statues in England is to the memory of Sir R. Holmes. It is to be seen in the church at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. The funny thing about it is that it was not originally intended to represent that naval celebrity. It was sculptured for and represents Louis XIV. of France, sufficient to convey the idea that country when the vessel containing it and also the sculptor was captured by an English ship commanded by Sir R. Holmes. The body was finished, the head being left for completion on it, and it was for the English commander compelled the sculptor to finish it by chiseling his (Holmes') head on the king's body. Sir R. Holmes was afterward made governor of the Isle of Wight and held this office from 1807 till 1802, and after his death the statue was erected to his memory.

Snow Banners.

In the Sierra Nevada mountains, when conditions are favorable for the display, there occurs a beautiful and startling phenomenon of nature. At times when the wind drives up the mountain sides in a certain direction and the snow sufficient velocity there stream out upon the air snow banners from a hundred mountain peaks. They are formed by the circling wind acting upon the light snow and are thick and dark at the top of the mountain, and a transparent, thin layer away from the top for a mile in length in waves of iridescent light. This magnificent display is rarely seen by other eyes than those of savages, but sometimes it has been the good fortune of a naturalist to witness it when among the wild beauties of the mountain fastnesses.

Ancient Theatrical Programme.

Theatrical programmes have been known even in ancient times, though they were then of a very peculiar construction. In Greece and Rome they consisted of small tablets, which were handed out to the audience at the entrance of the theater, and the best seats obtained programmes beautifully worked in ivory, while those occupying the cheaper seats were given tablets in bronze.

Another Phase.

No person can say with absolute authority just where the line between decision of character and undesirable obsequiousness should be drawn, but many persons attempt to do it. "I like my wife's prompt decisions as to what she'd better do," said the husband of Mrs. Orlando Jones, "and I admire the firmness with which she settles all disputed matters for the children, but the surprising obstinacy which she displays concerning my affairs is a constant surprise to me. It seems so odd of character."

Margaret of Austria.

Bearded women have been very numerous. The most noted of the number was the famous Margaret of Austria, appointed by Charles V. to be governor of the Netherlands. She had a long, stiff black beard and, conceiving the idea that it added to the majesty of her appearance, was very careful of it and so combed and trained it as to make it seem much greater than it was.

His Inexperience.

Judge—Do you anything to say, prisoner at the bar, before sentence is passed upon you? Prisoner—I hope that your honor will take into consideration the youth and inexperience—

A Scambling Friend.

"I am so glad I have met you, as I have two favors to ask of you," "What are they?" "I want you to lend me \$10 and not to say a word about it to any one."

One of the Fallacies.

Clerk—As I am about to get married, I came to ask if you would not give me an increase of salary. Employer—My dear sir, that is not necessary. You know a young man always saves money by marrying.

The Definition of the Defeated.

Why—And so you think I'm a coquette? She—I don't believe you know what a coquette is. (Bitterly)—A coquette is a woman who syndicates her affections.—Life.

Palatal.

"What does Bifkins remind you of?" "I hate to tell." "Because it's a reflection on Bifkins?" "No, on me."

Solitude and the Crowd.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

It Would.

"But why won't your husband let us look up the coat of arms of his family?" "Paw see a coat of arms would look funny for a man that made his fortune in his shirt sleeves."—Houston Post.

MEN IN SKIRTS.

Taking the World All Around They Are in the Majority.

If there is one thing presumably certain on this earth, in the opinion of most of us, it is that skirts are essentially feminine and that the special features of dress in this is a bifurcated garment. But nothing is further from the truth. To this day the majority of the male element of the human race, so far as it wears clothes at all, is skirted. And in past times, not so very long since, even when to the foot was the correct wear of respectability in civilized Europe.

TWO MAIDENS.

A Silly Little Fable, but One That Points a Moral.

Once there were two maidens who sought to catch a Nice Young Man, who also was a Good Thing. And it was a Pale Start in the Eyes of the Underfearing for the One was Exceeding Fair to Look upon and Dressed Stylishly, while the Other was Plain of Countenance, and her Rat was Always Showing through her Pompadour. The first girl studied Swedish on the Young Man, who was also a Good Thing, and Talked to Him till She Dazzled him with her Beauty and Charmed him with her Wit. The Plain One gazed Wonderingly at him and Made Him Talk to her of Doves, of Things, while She listened, Entranced at his Wisdom and Learning. He took the Pretty Girl out Riding and to the Theater and Bought her Candy and Flowers, and All the Knowing Ones said She had struck a Winning Gait on the Home Stretch, when One Day he Married the Plain Girl and took Her on an Automobile wedding Tour of Europe.

The Pretty Girl had Made him Very much Pleased with Her, but the Plain Girl had Gone Her One Better and Made him Very much More Pleased with Himself.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

A British View of the Hero of the Bonhomme Richard.

John Paul, the Kickapoo, the market gardener's son, who elected to be famous as Paul Jones, has long ceased to be the interesting personage he was in the eyes of the naval authorities of the country when in command of a rotten ex-East Indian man known as the Due de Duras and rechristened the Bonhomme Richard. He was a holy terror in the fifth of Forth, and when he had engaged and captured a British frigate in British waters after one of the most singular sea combats on record.

The same time "Blackbird" and smuggler whom the Russian Catherine decorated and advanced somewhat pretentiously to the grade of admiral was a traitor of course in the view of the British government, but none the less a thorough seaman of quite unusual talent and originality, with a bulldog courage and tenacity to match.

Still Had a Little Pride.

"What is this man charged with?" asked the police justice. "Stealing a dog, your honor," said the officer. "Well, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?" "Your honor," answered the prisoner, drawing a grumpy coat sleeve across his nose, "if you'll make it understand, I'll plead guilty. I may be a thief, but I've got feelings."—Chicago Tribune.

An Ashantee Belle.

On the subject of Gold Coast costume of a reigning belle is less a matter of well fitting clothes than of well spiked hair. The hair is first divided into a half dozen braids; then these braids are stiffened with wax and tar until they are as hard as kindling wood and stick out straight from the head in a semicircle like the spokes of a wheel. Thus coiffured the belle is ready to conquer all hearts.

The Risk Too Great.

"I may be young," said the very young man, "but my love for your daughter is as strong and true as if I were whitened by the snows of innumerable winters." "Oh, I don't doubt your love," replied the stern father, "but have you ever had the measles or the whooping cough? It wouldn't be fair, you know, for us to take you into the family and have to nurse you through those complaints some time or other."

A Suggestion.

Mr. Sloman—Now, you're joking again, aren't you? Miss Waite—Judge for yourself. You should know me pretty well by this time. Mr. Sloman—But you puzzle me sometimes. I don't know what to make of you. Miss Waite—No? By the way, did you hear about Jack Brown and May Long? He made her his wife yesterday.—St. Louis Republic.

He Hated.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles. Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneven, but—" "Oh, it was all right, thank you. I got up none and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."

Flattered Her.

"Yes," said the fair young girl, "ever since I was I'm just the picture of mamma."

Stimulating.

She—Where do you get your inspiration from? The Author—From my creditors.—Life.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.—Hazlitt.

Some men do as much begrudge others a good name as they want one themselves, and perhaps that is the reason of it.—Penn.

The Right of Way.

In the early days of western railway building, days not so long gone by as to be out of memory, there were many exciting races between rival roads for the possession of important mountain passes. Such a race, says the World's Work, was that between the Santa Fe and the Rio Grande roads for the right of way through Haton pass to New Mexico and the southwest.

Engineers and construction gangs worked in mad haste to get to it ahead of their rivals. The victory fell to the chief of the Santa Fe. When the Rio Grande cohorts arrived they found him alone in one of the big gorges, shovel in hand, slicing earth at an 8,000 foot hill.

"What are you doing here?" they asked. "Constructing a railroad," he replied. He turned another shovelful of dirt dropped the tool and hitched up his heavy cartridge belt.

"Any one who interferes with the Santa Fe does it at his own risk," he said quietly. First the Rio Grande men laughed, and then they raged, and then they turned and went away. Their road was cut off from the south forever.

A Bath in Babies.

"To take a bath at Tiflis, in Russian Caucasus, is to court a never to be forgotten experience," says one who knows. "The masseur who presides over the toilet of his patrons is a weird looking figure. His head is shaved, a rag is twisted around his waist, and his feet are dyed a beautiful blue. You are seized by this individual, rubbed, pushed face downward on a marble slab, find his feet in your spine and a Pale Start in the Eyes of the Underfearing for the One was Exceeding Fair to Look upon and Dressed Stylishly, while the Other was Plain of Countenance, and her Rat was Always Showing through her Pompadour.

Wonders of the Eye.

Viewed as an optical instrument, the human eye may well be called perfect, for it is an apparatus contained in a globe less than an inch in diameter, in which is projected an image of the most perfect in form and color and which can be accurately adjusted almost instantaneously for every distance from five inches to infinity, which is movable in every direction, has an area small enough for the detection of the most minute details and at the same time large enough for the appreciation of large objects, and which enables us to see all shades of color and to estimate distances, and so on, and so on, but, the consistency of objects and yet the wonderful instrument, perhaps the most varied in its capabilities of any part of the body, is persistently misused and neglected. Is it any wonder that some day nature resorts to this treatment and leaves the offenders in total and perpetual blindness?

The Name of China.

We speak of "China" and the Chinese, little thinking that the natives of the Flowery Kingdom never hear those terms until after leaving the place of their birth or coming in contact with some traveler. They have many names by which they make it themselves and the land which they inhabit, but Chinese and China are not among the number. The most ancient name of China is Tienhai, which signifies "the sea of the sky." Since the present day house took control of the empire in 1650 the name of Tatsingkwah has been applied to the kingdom as a whole and Chungkwah to that portion known to American readers as the Middle Kingdom.

The Man With the Grievance.

I suppose there never was such a flourishing time as the present for men with a grievance. The daily and weekly journals eagerly welcome letters complaining of the increase of compulsion, the pitfalls of the split infinitive, the prevalence of the he, he, among the lower middle class, the carelessness of the younger generation in dotting its 's and other equally dreadful abuses which do not matter one way or another. If one were not an incurable optimist one would be inclined to agree with the writers of these letters, who are for the most part men of enforced leisure and idle hands, that England is rapidly about to decline and fall.—London World.

The Transvaal Climate.

One peculiarity of the Transvaal climate is that while being very healthy it yet has the effect of making people uglier, older than they really are. The rarefied air is popularly supposed to be responsible for this. An English woman of thirty-five who has lived in the country districts for any lengthy period invariably appears far older than she really is.—Womanhood.

Not Reassuring.

"Mr. Stalate," said the bashful young sister, "I asked sister if she thought you would get up and go home like the other young man did if I recited 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight.'"

A Plague of Caterpillars.

Of the plague of caterpillars that overran the Scottish lowlands in 1854 Richard Bell in his book "My Strange Armies," tells of caterpillars marching in armies straight ahead, the consequence was that when they encountered "sheep drains," which are open drains about eighteen inches deep and eighteen inches wide at the top, they tumbled over and then, as the caterpillars that their dead bodies dammed up the water and they might have been taken out in barrow loads.

What Is an Editor?

Some body in an English school were asked the other day to define "editor." Here are some of their definitions: "An editor is a man who handles words." "An editor makes his living out of the English language." "An editor is somebody who does not do anything himself, and when somebody else does goes and tells other people all about it." "An editor is a man who has the industry of a beaver, the instincts of a bee and the patience of an ass."

What Became of Methuselah?

According to the Bible, Methuselah begat Lamech and lived 782 years thereafter. Lamech lived 182 years in his prime, and Noah was 950 years old when the flood occurred. Was Methuselah drowned?—New York Times.

Eavesdropping.

She—I would be surprised if the servant girl were listening at the key-hole. He—Nor I. That's a woman's trick. She—Oh, indeed? He—Of course. That's why it's called eavesdropping.—Philadelphia Press.

In the temperate zones the maximum of heat is attained about a month after the longest days.

BIRD MIGRATION.

The Stars May Guide the Winged Travelers by Night.

The migration of birds by daylight has received a great deal of attention on the part of naturalists and bird lovers generally, but the passage of the feathered creatures during the night is still a matter for considerable speculation and theorizing.

That birds do travel by night is not disputed. Then how do they guide themselves over the long stretches of land and sea which separate their summer and winter homes? In the darkness they can scarcely distinguish those figurative milestones which are said to serve as guides by day. Their vision may be keen, but it is difficult to believe that the birds do "see by" those same guides at night, especially as they are often between two and three miles apart, says Home Notes.

The supposition is that these creatures, like human mariners, should steer their course by the stars. Whether they can distinguish the various planets or constellations or how they do it can at present only be conjectured, but the theory receives support from the fact that when the stars are obscured by high clouds the birds come nearer to earth and appear to be disoriented. The thought that these small beings can fly through space and have their routes mapped out by the immemorial celestial bodies that stud the universe is full of significance.

ACTORS IN CHINA.

They Get High Salaries and Are Able to Live in Luxury.

China is the actor's paradise. There are thousands of actors in the empire, and the "top notches" earn considerably more in proportion than actors even in this country of high salaries. A native actor will earn by his first rate man, as high as \$1,800 a year, and while this money is insignificant compared to our princely pay lists it will procure comforts and luxuries to a native in China that could not be duplicated here for fifty times the amount. There is a national actors' club with 30,000 life members, and there is a special god in the temple to whom all good Chinese thespians pray.

It is very difficult to acquire the title of "actor" in China. The pupil is obliged to study three years as a sup- per, and one more year is required to give him the finishing touch. The pupil must learn by heart a repertoire of about fifty different plays, and the rest of his life is spent in acting these plays. He is not permitted to learn new ones. The idea is that an "actor," as such, must not condescend to learn, which is fitting only to an apprentice, but an actor may without injury to his dignity teach worthy pupils who have not learned as a pupil.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE STEAM RADIATOR.

If It Doesn't Give Enough Heat Turn the Fan to the Right.

There are a good many rooms where the radiator is either too small or the steam pressure is too low to maintain a comfortable temperature in severe weather. If the tenant is enjoying the electric lighting service, the radiator can easily be remedied. Take an electric fan and set it where it will blow against a large part of the radiator's surface. Turn it on at a low speed or at high if necessary, and your room will soon be thoroughly warmed. The philosophy of the thing is that steam at a low pressure carries much less latent heat than steam at a high pressure and therefore warms the radiator so poorly that only a slight draft of air rises and the pipes and condensation is slow. With the fan in operation there is a forced draft against the radiator that conducts a great deal more heat away from the radiator, cooling it so that much condensation of steam occurs inside it. The heat thus snatched from the reluctant radiator is held in the circulating atmosphere of the room, which is soon changed from cold to warm at a Pittsburg Press.

The Way Spaniards Smoke.

The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. A native takes a heavy pull at his cigarette, inhales the smoke, takes up a wine skin or bottle, pours a little into his mouth, holds the vessel a foot from his mouth, without spilling a drop, and then with a sigh of satisfaction closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a minute in a natural manner, and then blow out the smoke.

Distillation.

A dandy who had obtained a marriage license from the register of deeds at Halifax returned next day with his license and asked if he couldn't get his money back. "You see, Judge," he explained, "I thought I was 'bout to marry a woman and I want some money, w'en, 'en behol, she didn't have enough ter 'use on my honeymoon."—Weldon News.

Workbasket Easily Made.

The modern sized Japanese straw bathing hat makes a pretty workbasket. The crown is dented inward, making a receptacle, when lined with satin or silk, for sewing implements; scissors, kept in place by a band of ribbon sewed into the lining, a pin cushion, attached also to the lining and a pad for needles. The hat is bound with ribbon, and the edges are curled up all around, further carrying out the workbasket idea. Red satin is very pretty for a lining for one of these hats, and pale blue, light green and yellow all combine well with the tint of the straw also.

Children's Baths.

A child should never be left in a bath to exceed five minutes, and three is better. Some children cannot stand a daily bath, and unless it is discontinued they become weak and exhausted. In such cases a tepid sponging is the best twice a week or oftener till the child improves.

To Darken Eyebrows.

For a brunette a dye made of four drams of gum arabic, seven drams of indigo, one pint rose water may be used to darken eyebrows. Powder the indigo and gum and add small quantities at a time to rose water until dissolved. Apply with dry brush dipped first in borated water.

Natural Enough.

Jokley—I once heard a man say that he would rather be an ex-convict than anything else he could think of. Pokley—The idea! How eccentric! Jokley—Not at all. The man was in the penitentiary at the time.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reasonable Request.

Lawyer—Your honor, I want an interpreter for my client. Judge—What language does he speak? Lawyer—He's a railroad brakeman.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Treasure.

The Count (who has had a little tiff with his fiancée, the heiress)—But, my treasure! The Heiress—Your treasure? Your investment, you mean.

Quite Natural.

Husband—What did you think when you heard the chandelier fall last night? Wife—Why, I thought you had been detained on business again and were getting upstairs as quietly as you could.

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SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

Used by Man Hundreds of Years Ago For Crossing Streams.

The towline is doubtless the earliest, as it is still the simplest, application of a rope for the removal of material. Hitched to a dozing log, the general use of all water craft, canoe or sledge, it was used before history learned the art of writing or mankind the art of reading.

The Towline.

The towline was combined with the suspension cable as a means of crossing streams in the mountains of Hindustan at a very remote period. The suspension cable, often several hundred feet in length, was made of twisted fibers or slender stalks of climbing vines. This was solidly secured to large trees or masses of rocks on the banks of the chasms to be crossed. On this cable a wooden block, gro